

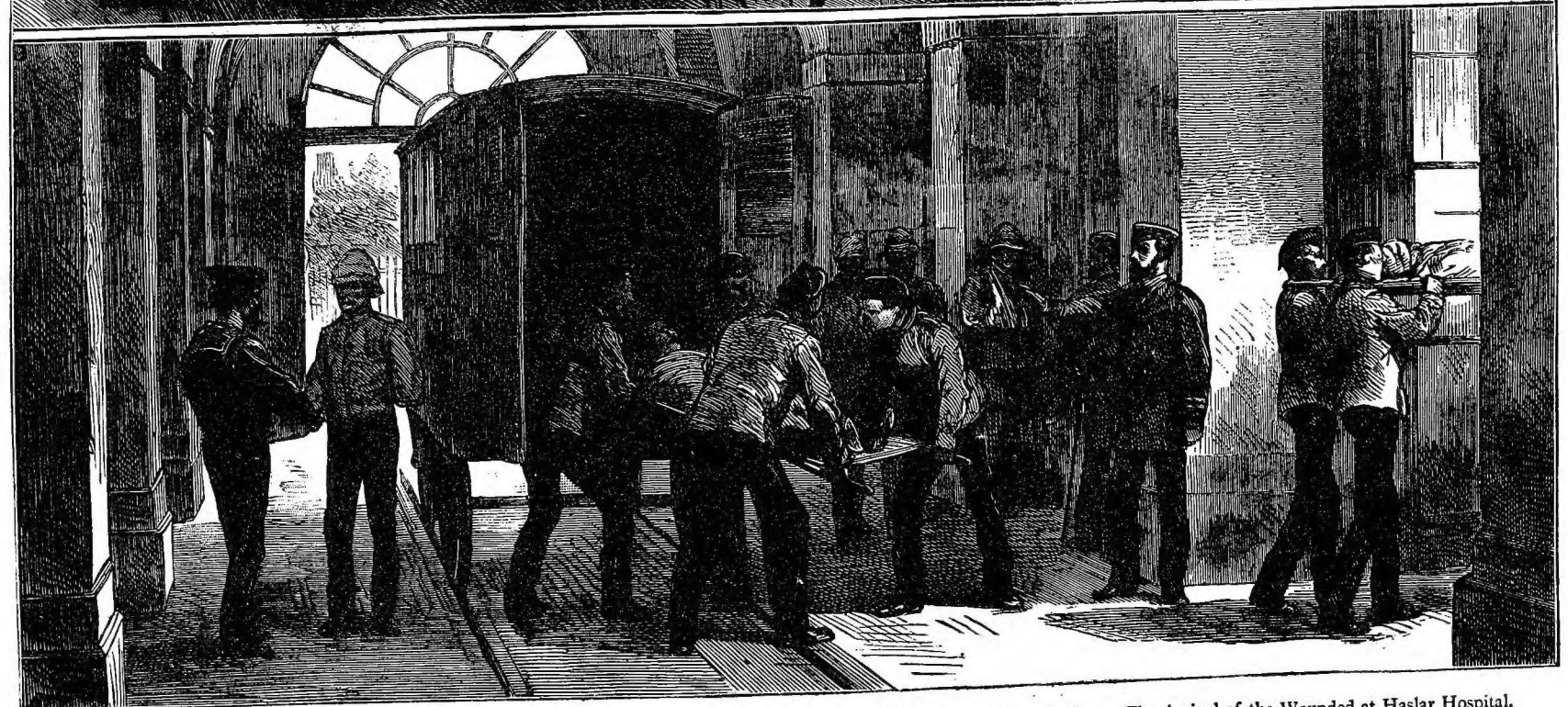
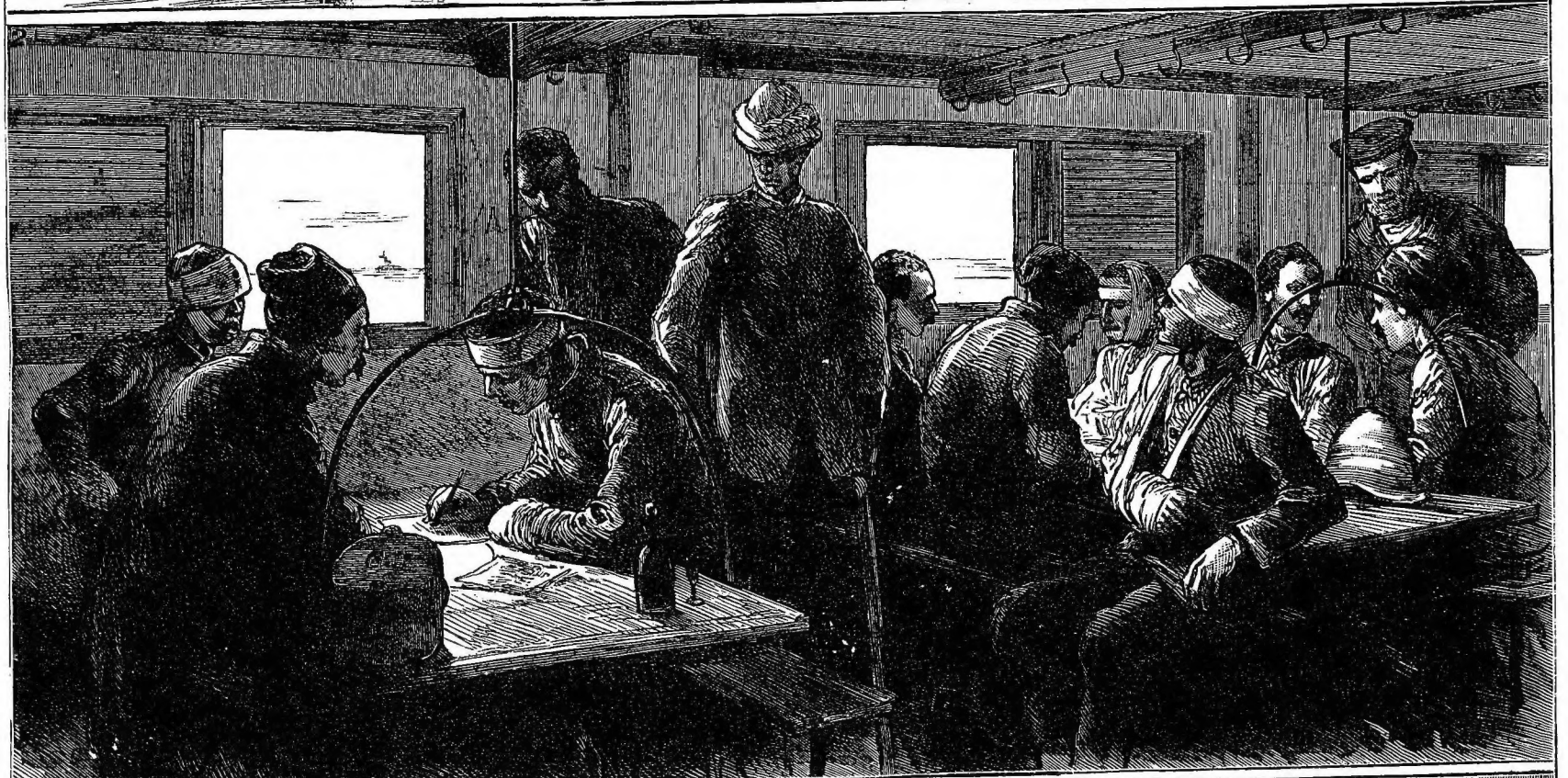
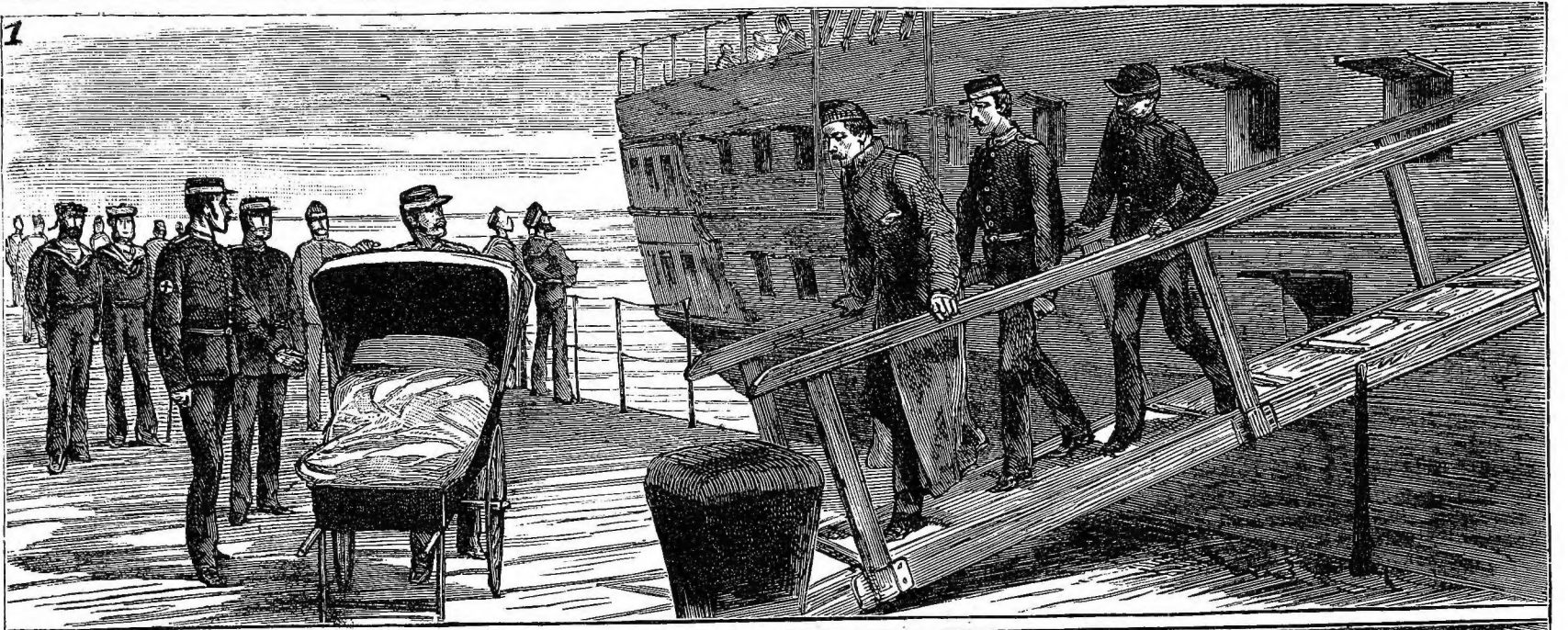
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1882

ENLARGED TO TWO SHEETS [PRICE SIXPENCE
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1. The Last of the Wounded Officers (Major Terry) Leaving the "Orontes."—2. Hospital Deck on Board the "Orontes."—3. The Arrival of the Wounded at Haslar Hospital.
THE WAR IN EGYPT—WOUNDED SOLDIERS ARRIVING AT PORTSMOUTH

Topics of the Week

THE AUTUMN SESSION.—The House of Commons will soon be at work again, and there are signs that the special task for which it is to reassemble will not be very speedily accomplished. Mr. Gladstone's original intention was that the Autumn Session should be devoted exclusively to the new Rules of Procedure; but it is almost certain that a great deal of attention will be claimed for other questions. If we may judge from the recent speeches of Conservative leaders, the Government will have to reply to many criticisms on their policy in Egypt; and we may be sure that Mr. Parnell will not miss the opportunity of airing some fresh Irish grievances. His authority in Ireland appears to be slightly waning, and the comparative moderation of his tone since his release from Kilmainham has begun to excite much discontent among enthusiastic Irish revolutionists in America. He may, therefore, consider it necessary to prove, by his action in Parliament, that he has lost none of his earlier zeal. Even, however, if questions relating to Ireland and Egypt could be quickly disposed of, it can scarcely be hoped that discussion on the Closure will be brief and business-like. Unfortunately, the Closure excites quite as much difference of opinion now as it did months ago. It is not very easy to understand the passion with which the Conservatives resist the proposal of the Government on this subject. Mr. Gladstone has never suggested that a bare majority should have the right under any circumstances of stopping debate; according to his plan, the question whether the Closure should be enforced could not even be raised unless, in the opinion of the Speaker, the House generally thought that it had heard more than enough of mere talk. It would be possible to argue that such a Rule as this would have very little effect; but to say that it would endanger the liberties of Parliament is surely rather wild exaggeration. However, since the Conservatives appear to have persuaded themselves that they are fighting for a great principle, and since a good many Liberals agree with them, probably most people would be well pleased if Mr. Gladstone would consent to try the scheme of a two-thirds majority. That would be rather humiliating, no doubt; but his Ministry is at present so popular that he can afford to make considerable concessions to his opponents.

IRISH PROSPECTS.—The eyes of the English people, which have for so long been fastened on Egypt, may now, when the fascination of warlike operations has ceased, be profitably turned in another direction. Ireland is more important than Egypt, if only for the reason that she is our next-door neighbour, and also because, at present at all events, she forms an integral part of the British Empire. It is, therefore, interesting to inquire whether Irish discontent has really calmed down under the bitter-sweet policy of the Government—that ingenious policy which administers the black draught of Coercion as well as the Land Act lollipop. Outwardly, although murderous outrages are still very numerous, an improvement has certainly taken place. This is partly due to the suppression of the Land League as an open and visible organisation, and still more to the vigour and resolution with which the Government—in agreeable contrast with their former feebleness—have set about the suppression of disorder. Some of the quietude, however, may be fairly attributed to the Land Act. Mr. Davitt, whose avowed business it is to blow the bellows of agitation, may call it “A mouse of a land measure,” but both landlords and tenants—the former to their sorrow, and the latter to their joy—know that it is a very substantial mouse, and the farmers would probably willingly enough stay quiet till they have digested it. There might therefore be a fair prospect of a period of temporary tranquillity in Ireland if England and Ireland stood alone. Unfortunately, however, we have another customer to reckon with—the Irish-American agitator and conspirator, who, sheltered beneath the wings of the Republican Eagle, can with impunity devise mischief against us. We should be loth to think that the mass of the Irish in America approve of the atrocities of the dynamite faction, but there is undoubtedly a fervent desire among them to see their brethren in Ireland as free and independent of England as they themselves are, and therefore they do not criticise too curiously the means employed for this righteous end. It is pleasant to imagine that the falling off in the Irish-American subscriptions to the League funds means a total collapse of the agitation. But another and less agreeable explanation is probably nearer the truth. It is that the Irish in America are impatient of half-measures, of Land Acts, County Boards, extended franchise, and even Home Rule—they want an independent Ireland, and nothing less. They are, therefore, just now rather annoyed with their countrymen at home, who seem inclined, as Mr. Davitt says, to turn away from the main track “down a boreen.”

THE DIVINING ROD.—The Divining Rod is a toy which has for some time been out of date. *Planchette* has superseded it in many circles, but it is still used in hunting for water on some Australian estates. Recently a lady has been amusing and exciting Paris by offering to use the divining rod in the search for ecclesiastical treasures hidden, during the Revolution, under church floors. The rod is of hazel, is forked at one extremity, and is held upright between

the hands of the operator. When he walks where there is mineral wealth, or wells of water, the wand is fabled to twist, and point to the place where the treasures lie, or the waters spring. Every one remembers how Dousterswivel managed his rod in “The Antiquary.” Dousterswivel was a humbug, but many rural masters of the wand seem to be in earnest. Mr. Vaughan Jenkins informs the readers of *The Times* that he has seen the rod successfully employed by a little boy of eleven, the age when little boys see marvels in the ink of Egyptian conjurors. Another correspondent explains the whole mystery by “electricity,” and perhaps we may yet see a Patent Electric Divining Rod Company's shares quoted on the Stock Exchange. In Germany they get the rod baptised by hiding it in the drapery of an infant about to be christened. There seems to be no necessary connection between electricity and the rites of the Church, but the whole problem is still very obscure.

EGYPT AND THE ENGLISH CONSERVATIVES.—It may be doubted whether the Conservatives will promote their own interests by the course which they seem inclined to adopt with regard to Egypt. They unite with the Liberals in applauding Sir Garnet Wolseley and the troops under his command; but their contention is that, if the Government had acted vigorously and prudently at the proper time, there would have been no need for armed intervention. This has been urged by Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Gibson; and apparently they intend to take the same line in Parliament. Now, among the extreme Radicals there is a good deal of latent discontent; but their view is that England has no right to interfere in Egypt at all. Probably, therefore, they would be quite as firmly opposed to Sir Stafford Northcote as to Mr. Gladstone. With regard to the mass of the English people, there is no indication that they have the slightest disposition to go back to the origin of the Egyptian difficulties, and to investigate the subject in an impartial, historical spirit. If the war had been prolonged, they might, perhaps, have been induced to weigh the evidence carefully; but, a great success having been achieved, they would rather think of the future than of the past. Even if Sir Stafford Northcote could persuade them to take part in his researches, it is by no means clear that the verdict would go altogether against the Government. That its policy was at one time vacillating and uncertain is true enough; but it is also true that England was then hampered by the French alliance, and that there was no political party which knew exactly what ought to be done. When action of some kind became inevitable, there was no shrinking from a disagreeable duty; and if mistakes were committed, they were mistakes in detail, not in principle. Altogether, the Conservatives would be most likely to benefit themselves by leaving the past alone, and devoting their attention mainly to the part of our work in Egypt which has still to be accomplished. Here there will be ample room for criticism, and the country will need the disinterested counsel of all its leading statesmen.

GRAND COMMITTEES.—Hitherto, while a great stir has been made about the *clôture*, little or nothing has been said about Mr. Gladstone's proposal that the House of Commons should consent to delegate its powers to a portion of its members; yet, as far as the improvement of the House as a legislative machine goes, this is the most important branch of the proposed reform. Within the last few days a writer in *The Times* has called attention to the subject. He writes lucidly, and, on the whole, dispassionately, although his conclusions are somewhat unfavourable to the suggested innovations. Yet when we read his letter we feel more than ever convinced that some such changes as those indicated by Mr. Gladstone are essential, unless the House of Commons is content to sink into the position of a big debating club. The burdens laid upon the House, or self-assumed, have become enormously heavier as wealth and population have increased, and as subjects formerly left to private arrangement have been brought within the scope of Parliamentary interference. The result is that much useful and greatly-needed legislation, about which no partisan differences of opinion exist, is shelved Session after Session. There are two alternatives—either to create County Parliaments (like the State Legislatures of America) to deal with such matters; or, what is far better in a small and easily-traversed country like this, for Parliament to divide itself into sections, so as to distribute the work to be done. The complaint that under such an arrangement certain constituencies would be left unrepresented is rather fanciful than practical. Most of the Bills thus discussed would be of equal interest to the whole country, and we may be sure that any member possessing special knowledge of and interest in the subject would find a place on the Grand Committee. And, on the other hand, Bills affecting certain districts would be taken in hand by members for those districts. It would be no hardship, for example, if a member for a purely agricultural county, such as Huntingdon, were unrepresented on a Mining Bill. Indeed, in this way the principle of Home Rule might, in a very wholesome and unobtrusive way, be applied to the four sections which make up the United Kingdom. Nothing would do more to pacify and content Ireland, for example, than to let a majority of her members—even if the representatives of England, Wales, and Scotland thought their decisions mischievous and erroneous—legislate on the local affairs of Ireland.

“TAKING COFFEE.”—It is said that some one in the Khédive's *entourage* has expressed a desire to give Arabi coffee. To “take coffee” with a person is a Zulu phrase for assaulting and defeating him, and even in English cricketing circles we have heard it said that the “Australians took tea with Surrey,” or other victims. In the East, coffee has become the recognised substitute for the “bowl” of our tragic writers, not, of course, the “flowing bowl,” but that which is accompanied by the dagger. “A cup of bad coffee” is more dreaded than the traditional bowstring in the East, and it ought certainly to be our care that Arabi's coffee is wholesome, and not some artificial concoction of beans. In Persia we regret to learn that the heir to the Shah is accused of having given coffee to the Chief of the Bahtiares. The Chief declined the coffee, and declared, like the preacher who converted Colonel Quagg, that “he would take it fighting.” He was therefore strangled, not without a gallant resistance, by the men who had originally intended to dismiss him in a more quiet way, and one less calculated to excite public feeling. Meanwhile the Bahtiares are anxious to entertain the heir of the Persian throne.

DISESTABLISHMENT IN SCOTLAND.—There is to be a series of “demonstrations” against the Established Church of Scotland during the present winter, and the first of the series came off the other day at Ayr. The subject has no direct interest for Englishmen, but indirectly it concerns them, since the Disestablishment of the Scottish Church would be but the first step towards a formidable attack on the Church of England. The difficulty of the Scottish Nonconformists is to point to any solid grievance arising from the existence of the Established Church. They cannot even say that the parish minister has a better social position than his Nonconformist rivals; for in Scotland the clergy of all Churches are educated with equal care, spring from the same rank, and associate with the same classes of the community. That the Established Church is active and earnest no one denies; indeed, it is sometimes suspected that if it were rather less energetic it would not be much interfered with. In regard to theology it is by far the most liberal ecclesiastical body in Scotland, and it offers refuge to many a doubting Scot for whom there would be no room either among Free Churchmen or United Presbyterians. If there were any chance of Disestablishment leading to the union of the Scottish Presbyterian Churches, the scheme of the Liberationists would be rather attractive even to some Established ministers; but everybody knows that no such result could be anticipated. In America the Presbyterians are broken up into many different communities; and in Scotland the existing divisions are too deep to be healed by anything that can be done by Parliament.

WAR TELEGRAMS AND LETTERS.—When something of great public interest is going on, such as the late expedition to Egypt, it is undeniable that the electric wire—indispensable as it is—tends to spoil the news. Elderly folks recall memories of the Crimean War, when the news still travelled by post, and when therefore there was a combined fulness and freshness about the published letters of the special correspondents which now seems unattainable. During our recent experience, the telegrams, with some exceptions, have too often been meagre and unsatisfactory, while the letter which follows a fortnight later, and which would be excellent if it could be served up fresh, has had all the heart taken out of it by the previous telegram. Thus between the two stools the newspaper-reader falls to the ground unsatisfied. In future wars we cannot consent that the use of the telegraph shall be suspended or devoted only to Government use, but we think that the proprietors of our great daily journals would serve their customers better, and would also save much lavish expenditure, if they would agree that, for telegraphic purposes, one or two of their correspondents should represent the whole fraternity. One full and carefully-dictated communication would surely be better than a dozen or twenty separate messages dashed off pell-mell, and amid a struggle to get at the coveted cable.

CIRCULARS.—An unfortunate parson complains in *The Times* that tradesmen's circulars used to be sent to his wife before “Patience and perseverance Got a wife for his reverence,” and that they are still sent, though he has long been a widower. The result is that the rural neighbours suspect the concealed existence of a reverend lady somewhere, and sensational unpublished romances are current about her in the vicinity. This is one consequence of that reckless liberality of tradesmen in postage-stamps from which we all suffer. The majority of what seem to be letters now prove to be advertisements. Tradesmen have got cunning, and no longer send their circulars out in blue envelopes, addressed in a clerical hand. They employ probably poor ladies who write an educated hand, and they often put crests or monograms on the envelope. They also use envelopes in startlingly deep mourning, or write “private” in the corner to insure attention. As a circular only prevents educated people from dealing with the bore who sends it, we must presume that there is a vast unknown class which likes to be appealed to by post. For, if circulars did not pay, shopkeepers and begging clergymen would not weary the world with their appeals.

GERMAN TYPE AND SPELLING.—Prince Bismarck is so exceedingly patriotic that he resents the printing of German books in Roman characters. After all, however, the use of what are called German characters is a "survival." German characters are essentially the same as "Black Letter;" and, at the time of the invention of printing, Black Letter was used all over Europe for printed books, the character being an imitation of that in which manuscripts had been written during several centuries. It was soon abandoned in Italy, France, and England; and even the great Chancellor's influence cannot now prevent it from being gradually abandoned in Germany. Many elderly Germans besides Prince Bismarck find, no doubt, that they read Roman type less easily than that to which they have been chiefly accustomed all their lives; but it does not follow that a new generation would have the same difficulty, if they were differently trained. The question is one of expediency, and will be determined in the end altogether apart from patriotic prepossessions. Whether German or Roman letters be most attractive in appearance, there can be no doubt that rounded forms are less hurtful to the eyes than angular forms; and if it be true (as many authorities assert) that the general necessity for spectacles in Germany is due mainly to the Gothic alphabet, this consideration must sooner or later compel the Germans to adopt the type which was adopted long ago by most of their neighbours. Prince Bismarck would have commanded more sympathy if he had confined his protest to the detestable methods of spelling which have been lately introduced into German schools with the sanction of the Minister of the Interior, and which are beginning to show themselves in books and newspapers. There is nothing whatever to be said in favour of this change, and it obliterates many instructive and interesting traces of the history and etymological relations of the language.

STEEP GRADE TRAMWAYS.—An advertisement informs us that Highgate, which of all the near London suburbs has hitherto been the most inaccessible, and has consequently remained the most countrified, is about to be invaded by a tramway worked on the cable traction system, and capable of climbing steep ascents. Those of the inhabitants who felt with heartfelt satisfaction how truly rural they were within five miles of Charing Cross will not hail the innovation with delight, but in these matters we must succumb to the inevitable, and console ourselves by unselfishly thinking of "the vast population," to quote from the Company's prospectus, to whom the new line will afford "a ready aid to reach the breezy hills of Highgate." If this scheme, however, should prove successful, it will prove of wider interest than for the inhabitants of or visitors to Highgate merely. It is primarily intended, of course, for steep gradients, the cars being hauled up by a constantly travelling endless wire cable laid underground, which is connected with them by means of a steel shank, but it is equally fitted for level streets, and has already been adopted in Chicago, after a satisfactory experience of the hills and valleys of San Francisco. From motives of humanity alone we should rejoice to see the horse emancipated from the tramcar, as the strain on the horse's powers in the effort to start the car after a stoppage is notoriously injurious.

CROSSING THE LOWER THAMES.—It has often been said that continents rather than oceans act as barriers to intercourse; but this observation hardly holds good inland. Even a small river, if bridgeless, and too deep to ford, keeps near neighbours apart. The isolating effect of a river is, however, most effectively displayed when a large city is clustered along its banks. So long as the traveller is on *terra firma*, he finds the lines of houses broken by cross thoroughfares at short intervals; but, when he goes to the river bank, he finds that practically he can only get to the other side at those spots where a bridge has been built. In Paris, where the river Seine is narrow, bridges are very numerous. In London they are proportionately less numerous; and yet it is difficult to believe that, not much more than a century ago, there were only two of these means of crossing the Thames for the whole of London. And perhaps our descendants will be equally curious to know how, in 1882, the vast population living below London Bridge managed to get on with only a few ferryboats. The truth is, that the prolonged course of bridgeless river does really make the two banks essentially foreign to each other, and therefore comparatively little passenger traffic exists, except in some cases of workmen, who cross at stated intervals in regular ferryboats, and who therefore do not greatly feel the want of a bridge for which they would indirectly pay in enhanced rents. But there can be no doubt that if means of crossing the river more convenient than ordinary boats existed, an immense traffic would soon be created. The below-bridge population of London equals the combined population of Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, and Birmingham. Sir Joseph Bazalgette recommends that this vast congregation of human beings should be provided with river-transit in this manner. There should be a high-level bridge at the Tower, a tunnel at Shadwell, and another tunnel at Blackwall. The cost of these works is estimated at 5,200,000*l.* The expense might be defrayed in three ways. Either by a rate of 1*3*/*4*d. in the pound; or by a toll of a farthing on foot-passengers and a penny on vehicles; or by the continuance and diversion of the Coal and Wine Dues (which expire in 1888) to the purpose. By either of these plans the sum borrowed could be repaid in sixty years.

"MANTRAS" AS MEDICINE.—There is probably nothing older in medicine than the belief that a hymn, if sung at the right time and place, will cure almost any complaint. When Odysseus was struck by the wild boar, Homer tells us that his friends sang a song of healing over the wound. Another classical writer advises us not to sing songs over hurts that need the knife, and this advice might have been recalled with profit by Ramchunder Ghose, lately a serpent charmer doing a good business in Puddoopokur. A cobra was found in a shop where poor Ghose happened to be sitting, and the public were anxious to put it to death. Ghose, from motives of humanity, and, perhaps, to advertise his skill, offered to "charm" the cobra. He did manage to collar it, and was about to place it in a chatty, when the cobra bit its charmer. Ramchunder Ghose, who seems to have been an earnest man in his way, refused to go to hospital, or to suffer any medical treatment. He repeated some *mantras*, or sacred strains from the Vedas, and said it would be all right. The *mantras*, however, failed on this occasion, and Ghose expired, the victim of misplaced confidence in his professional skill, and in the influence of poetry on snake-bites.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing SKETCHES by our SPECIAL ARTISTS of the GRAND REVIEW and other Events connected with the BRITISH OCCUPATION of CAIRO.



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(By Order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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ARRIVAL OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT PORTSMOUTH

THE *Orontes* arrived at Spithead from Ismailia early in the morning of the 3rd inst., and afterwards steamed into Portsmouth Harbour. She brought home a large number of sick and wounded belonging to the Army, Navy, and Marines. The cleanliness and ventilation on board the *Orontes* were everything that could be desired. There was no overcrowding, and no smell of antiseptics could be detected. No deaths took place during the passage. There were four cases of bayonet wounds, and five cases of amputations. The sickness was mostly confined to cases of dysentery, climatic debility, typhoid and remittent fever, and sunstroke. In the course of the day the military invalids were sent to Netley, and the naval and marine sick and wounded to Haslar Hospital.

On arrival at Portsmouth the men are transferred to a small gunboat, or steam launches, and in them are conveyed to Haslar Jetty. From the jetty they are brought up, if unable to walk, in a tramcar, which is arranged to carry four cots. On arrival at the Hospital they are taken up to the wards and attended to immediately. The convalescents wait about in the waiting-rooms and corridor until they can be seen by the surveying surgeons, who determine whether they are to be taken into hospital or allowed to go to their barracks or ships, accordingly as they may be Marines or Blue-jackets. From the survey room they go to the receiving rooms, where their cases are made out by the junior surgeons; they then, if well enough, have a bath, and are afterwards sent to their ward.

THE COLQUHOUN-WAHAB EXPEDITION

Nos. 1, 2.—These sketches represent "The Expectant Wife" in the Shau-Hing-Hap or Gorge. The grandeur and wild beauty of the gorge merit the great reputation which it has among the Chinese throughout the provinces of Kwang-Tung and Kwang-Si. It would be a show place in Europe. The entrance from the Canton side presents a striking picture. A wall of rock rises almost sheer from the water's edge on the northern side, while the hills are piled together on the other in prodigious profusion. Through the deep channel, contracted to a sixth of its usual width, the still waters glide with a smooth but rapid current. The gorge is some four miles in length, formed by the heaping together, close to the river, of lofty mountains. The eye searches in vain for a tree of timber on the hillsides. A curious legend is current regarding a solitary weird figure, which stands out abruptly—rudely weather-worn—from a hill-top in the pass. This remarkable object—called "The Expectant Wife,"—is that of a woman, whose head and figure, down to the waist, are clearly depicted. The legend runs that centuries ago a certain poor woman was left by her husband who went on a journey into Kwang-Si, which, though close by, was considered in those days a wild and distant region full of dangers,—promising to return within three years. The time went sadly and slowly past,—for she dearly loved her lord,—but no husband appeared. He, ungrateful and unworthy spouse, had fallen in love with a fair face in Kwang-Si. The lady turned out to be a sorceress who, on his wishing to forsake her, cruelly turned him into stone. To this day may be seen his figure standing over a cave close by the river, which is known as "The Detained Husband," shown in sketch No. 6. The wife, on his failing to return, broken by grief, was likewise petrified. The belief is that a supernatural power will one day bring the couple to life again, and reward the ever-faithful wife. The legend receives entire credence from the simple and credulous boatmen and country people.

No. 3, 4.—These represent the Pak-Shik-Shan, or "White Stone Mountain," from two points of view, namely from the east and west, or down and up stream sides. The latter is at a distance of some twenty miles. This remarkable object on the river is situated about 300 miles above Canton. The eastern face looks like a separate gigantic column with a precipitous front of some 500 feet, surmounted by a conical top. The western hill face seems to be a sheer precipice throughout. The whole forms a singular pile, which could be seen from many points of the compass, as the explorers followed in their Chinese Ho-tau, or "river ferry," the very winding stream.

No. 5.—The Canton River is one of singular beauty. The scenery is of great variety. The peaceful and prosperous plains of the lower portions with their towns change to small areas under cultivation, dotted by hamlets and farmsteads. These are alternated by rapids and gorges of great grandeur in the upper length. This view represents one of the many lovely scenes on the river.

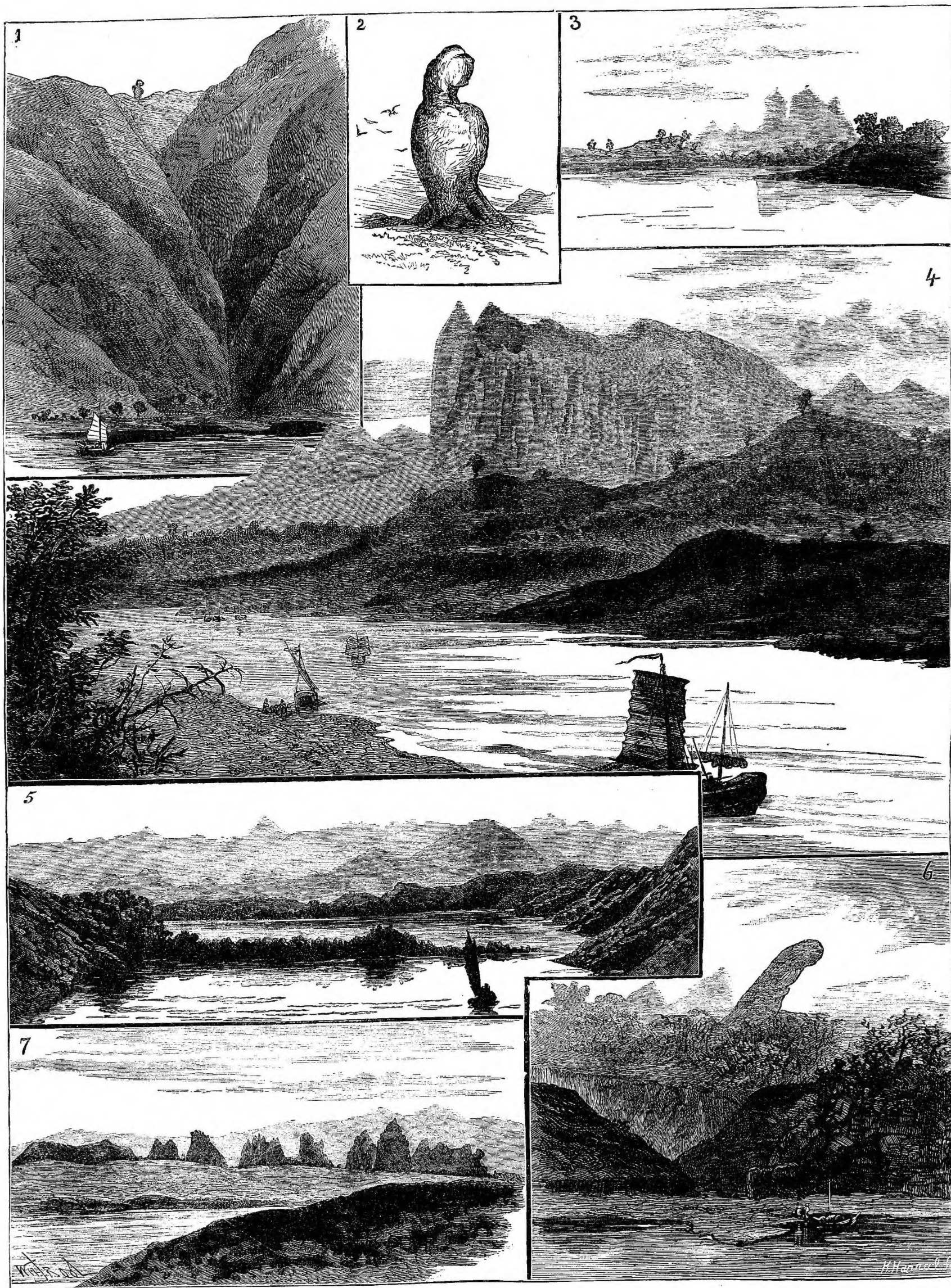
THE OCCUPATION OF CAIRO

THE FIRE AT THE RAILWAY STATION

ON September 28th considerable alarm was created at Cairo by a tremendous explosion at the railway station, owing to the ignition from some cause, which has not even now been discovered, of an ammunition waggon attached to a train just leaving the station. The train itself caught fire, and the flames spread to the station and to an adjoining building which contained an enormous quantity of the British commissariat stores and ammunition. Prompt measures were taken to stay the progress of the conflagration, and officers and men worked with hearty will, the Duke of Connaught literally putting his shoulder to the wheel by helping to push the trucks out of danger. "He worked like a navvy," wrote *The Times* correspondent, "not only leading but physically helping his men to remove the carriages from the scene of the explosion." The work involved no little risk, as explosions of shells and ammunition were continually occurring, and fragments of shell and bullets were flying about the neighbourhood. Fortunately the Canal by the side of the building prevented the spread of the flames to the town. Owing to the strenuous efforts of the troops the fire was got under about nine in the evening, having raged fiercely for twelve hours, and having destroyed stores and forage to the amount of 25,000*l.* The casualties were surprisingly few, considering the extent of the disaster. One non-commissioned officer, Staff-Sergeant E. Sainsbury, was killed, and Surgeon-Major T. C. Tolmie and two non-commissioned officers and three men were wounded. Two Arabs were caught attempting to fire a truck, but it is by no means certain whether the fire was due to incendiarism or to an accidental explosion of a shell.

THE ENTRY OF THE KHÉDIVE

THE Khédive re-entered his capital on September 25th amid much official pomp and rejoicing. The streets were duly beflagged, and thronged with thousands of natives making the occasion an excuse for a holiday. The station was crowded with officers in gorgeous uniforms, but chief among the personages to greet the Khédive on his arrival were Sir Garnet Wolseley, the Duke of Connaught, and Sir John Adye. The troops also who lined the streets were British and not Egyptian, while the escort provided for the Khédive's drive through the city was a detachment of our Household Cavalry. Tewfik warmly greeted the British officers, but showed his undisguised contempt at the horde of native officials and Ulemas, who a few days previously had been willing to worship

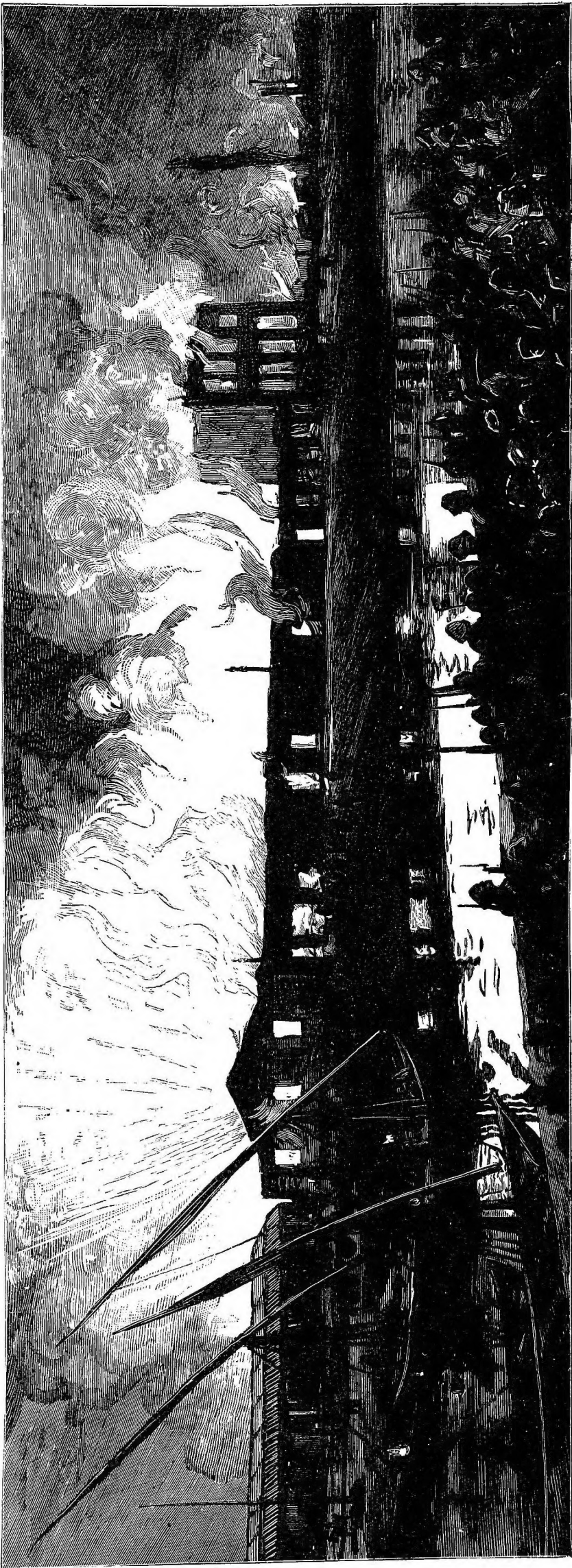


1. In the Shau-Hing Gorge: "The Expectant Wife."—2. Enlarged Sketch of "The Expectant Wife."—3. View of the Pak-Shik-Shan, or "White Stone Mountain," from Tai-Wong.
4. Another View of the Pak-Shik-Shan at a Distance of Twenty Miles.—5. View at Daybreak from Mong-Kong.—6. "The Detained Husband,"
Near Tsun-Pan-Hü.—7. Rugged Isolated "Needled" Limestone Peaks Near Kwei-Yuen.

THE COLQUHOUN-WAHAB EXPEDITION THROUGH SOUTHERN CHINA—SCENES ON THE CANTON RIVER
FROM SKETCHES BY THE LATE MR. CHARLES WAHAB



AFTER THE EXPLOSION AT THE CAIRO RAILWAY STATION—SOLDIERS CARRYING THE WOUNDED MEN OF THE 60TH RIFLES



THE EXPLOSION AT THE CAIRO RAILWAY STATION—VIEW FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE CANAL
THE WAR IN EGYPT—THE OCCUPATION OF CAIRO
FROM SKETCHES BY A MILITARY OFFICER

Arabi, and now were eager to grovel before their successful sovereign. On perceiving the Sheikh of El Azhar, however, who had remained loyal throughout, he raised his hand in greeting. A short religious service of thanksgiving and prayer was then held, and every Ulema prostrated himself at the Khédive's feet as he shouted "Amen." Riaz Pasha stepped forward at the close and shouted, "Long live the Khédive!"—a cry dutifully taken up by the crowd, while to the strains of the British National Anthem from the band, the Khédive's carriage, which contained the Duke of Connaught sitting by his side, and Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir E. Malet facing him, drove to the Ismailia Palace. The crowd behaved itself with that apathy which is one of the chief characteristics of an Oriental mob—no enthusiasm whatever being manifested. At the entry to the Palace, before the Khédive arrived, four buffaloes were sacrificed, and two more as he entered the gates, the men splashing the blood across the road in front of the carriage. This is the ceremony which is generally observed when a bride first comes to her new home, and is an essential form of welcome. In the evening there was a general illumination and displays of fireworks, the Khédive, accompanied by Sir Garnet Wolseley and the Duke of Connaught, driving through the streets with a strong escort of cavalry.

DECORATING SIR GARNET WOLSELEY WITH THE OSMANIEH

THE first act of the Khédive on regaining his authority in his capital was to invest Sir Garnet Wolseley with the highest Order in his power, the Grand Cordon of the Osmanieh. The Duke of Connaught was similarly decorated, while Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour was honoured with the Order of the Second Class.

THE GRAND REVIEW AT CAIRO, SEPT. 30

IN order to impress the Cairenes with a sense of the military power of England, Sir Garnet Wolseley determined to hold a review of the major portion of the British troops in the great square of the Abdin Palace. This is the official residence of the Khédive. It was there that Tewfik was proclaimed Khédive on the deposition of his father, the ex-Khédive Ismail, and there, also, Arabi forced his terms upon the Khédive at the bayonet point on September 9th, 1881. Now, however, the positions were reversed, for while Tewfik triumphant witnessed a review of the troops which had given him back his throne, Arabi watched the pageant from the window of a prison. Facing the palace a grand stand, surmounted by the Royal Standard, had been erected for the Khédive and his officers, together with the Foreign Diplomatic Body. In the centre stood the Khédive, wearing the Star of India, his Ministers, Sir Beauchamp Seymour, the loyal Ulemas, Sir E. Malet and his Staff, the representatives of France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, and Sweden all in uniform. Before the grand stand was a mast, from which waved the Union Jack, and this formed the saluting point, where Sir Garnet Wolseley took his stand mounted on a bay charger, and flanked by Sir John Adye and Captain Wardrop, his aide-de-camp. At 4 P.M. began the march past of the army, which consisted of 17,266 men, 4,320 horses, 678 officers, and 60 guns. First came the Royal Horse Artillery, and next the Household Cavalry under General Drury-Lowe, the Dragoons, and the Mounted Infantry, closely followed by the Indian cavalry, whose appearance, *The Times* correspondent tells us, excited no little admiration. "Eight of them took Zagazig," said one spectator; "Two of them captured five trains," exclaimed another; while a third cried, "Look how they glare at the Khédive," for the troops, having received the word of command, "eyes left," carried out the order with somewhat painful exactitude. The heavy field artillery followed, and next the Naval Brigade, led by Captains FitzRoy and Henderson and Lieutenant Poore, and then, after the Garrison Artillery and the Engineers, came the Guards, headed by the Duke of Connaught. The Duke, leaving the Brigade, rode up to the Staff, saluted the Khédive, and took his place beside the Commander-in-Chief. After various detachments of the Irish and English infantry regiments, under General Hamley, came the Highlanders, led by Sir Archibald Alison, the Black Watch being headed by Col. Macpherson. Other infantry regiments followed, headed by Sir Evelyn Wood, and the rear of the force was brought up by a further portion of the Indian Contingent and the Seaforth Highlanders, the heroes of the march to Candahar, under General Macpherson. "Poor Egyptians," a spectator was heard to say; "if they had only seen them before the campaign instead of after." After the review Sir Garnet Wolseley rode up to the Khédive, who shook hands with the British Commander and the Duke of Connaught, and expressed his admiration at the magnificent bearing of the troops.

ARABI'S LINES AT KAHR-DOWR AND A TEMPORARY CAFÉ AT ALEXANDRIA

THE first of these sketches depicts the entrance to the lines of defence at Kafr Dowr, constructed by the Egyptians on their retirement from Alexandria, and which, when surrendered to Sir Evelyn Wood, on September 15th, were found to be almost impregnable, and capable of being held by 1,000 men against a force of ten times that number. The sketch was made, on September 18th, by an officer, who writes: "A train with Sir Evelyn Wood, consisting of three trucks, a carriage, and engine, went out to Arabi's late lines on the 18th. The naval train followed." The second sketch shows one of the numerous temporary cafés which have been erected in the Great Square of Alexandria while the ruins are being cleared away and new shops are being built.

A CARD FROM TEL-EL-KEBIR

ON the night after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir one of Arabi's grand reception marquees was occupied by Sir John Adye, Chief of the Staff, and the accompanying is a fac-simile of one of Arabi's visiting cards, found in the tent and sent to Lieut.-Colonel Noble, R.A., in a private letter from Sir John Adye. It is a pity that Arabi apparently forgot to put "P.P.C." on the card.

OCCUPYING THE ABOUKIR FORTS

"BEFORE daylight on Tuesday morning, September 19th," writes a naval officer, "the *Sultan* and *Achilles* weighed from Alexandria, and joined the *Minotaur* at Ramleh, the gun vessels *Condor* and *Falcon* following. The vessels arrived off Fort Borg, at the western extreme of Aboukir Bay, at 7 A.M., when the ships' boats, manned and armed, proceeded to the Fort, which the Marines of the *Minotaur* duly occupied—hauling down the white flag as a signal that they had arrived. The remainder of the expedition then re-embarked, and the *Sultan* and *Achilles* steamed round Nelson Island, towards Forts A and B, the gun vessels taking the inshore passage along the Western side. Having arrived within three miles of Fort B, the boats of the *Achilles* and *Sultan* landed and took possession. The Marines of the *Sultan* occupied Fort B, which lies in the centre of the bay, and is close in to the Railway Station on the Rosetta line. Those of the *Achilles* occupied Fort A to the westward. Both forts are very strong, and are armed with seven, eight, and nine inch guns. Captain Kelly, of the *Achilles*, remained in command at Aboukir of the forces both on land and afloat."

BRITISH SOLDIERS SHOPPING AT CAIRO

HERE we have Tommy Atkins, who has so valiantly fought his way to Cairo, busily bargaining for some trifle to take home as a souvenir of his campaign. The Egyptian, however, though no match for him on the battle-field, is completely his master over the counter, and will doubtless spoil the Giaour invader to the utmost

farthing of his slender purse, and thus revenge the losses of his comrades in the desert between Ismailia and Zagazig.

EMBARKING HORSES OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT AT MADRAS

"THE embarkation of an Indian regiment," writes an officer, "is no common occurrence at Madras, and the manner in which the officers' chargers are shipped is exceedingly interesting. Each animal is enticed into a huge surf boat, which is tilted on one side to enable him to step into it. No sooner does he get his four feet over the gunwale than the boat is hauled over, and the horse finds himself standing in the bottom of the boat, which is flat and well-padded with grass. Then the boat is rapidly run down the sand to the sea, and rowed to the transport steamer in the roads."

DURING A SOUTH COAST GALE

THE ships of the Royal Navy not only protect our commerce on the high seas in time of war, but succour merchant vessels when suffering from stress of weather or other hardship in time of peace. Thus, Jack in our sketches is doing his duty as much as his brother in Egypt.

Officers who are not on deck spend much of their time at the ports, watching what is going on, and speculating: "I give her twenty minutes! I give her ten," &c.

Next we see a German timber-laden vessel which had "turned turtle." Under such circumstances, people have often been known to live for a long time inside. In this case, after "righting" the ship, it was found that the crew, including the captain's wife, had left in a boat, never, alas! to reach the shore.

Here is the funeral of a poor merchant seaman—often a nobody's child. Both as regards ships and crews the merchant-navy stands in need of reformation.

Succourers have at times to help each other. The cutter is trying to hook a life-buoy with a line to haul in; the steam-launches are helping each other. Lucky when these means are available.

"In Time" and "Too Late" depicts the various fates of two vessels. The yawl, having dragged her anchor, drifted down the swinging sides of the huge *Northumberland*. A hawser was passed, and she rode out the gale safely with the loss of her jibboom. The schooner, on the other hand, made no sign, and seemed deserted—she hoisted signals of distress "Too late," and drifted broadside on to destruction.—Our engravings are from sketches by Paymaster C. W. Cole, H.M. Training Ship *Boscawen*.

MR. LOTHBURY-ALDGATE IN THE HIGHLANDS

IT is whispered that there had been some financial transactions between Mr. Lothbury-Aldgate and Sir Ivor Catteran (The Catteran) of Glen Killanrobbin. At all events the worthy citizen states rather loudly and pompously that he is going to stay with his "old friend," and here accordingly we are introduced to some of the adventures which befel him while in the Highlands "a chasin' the deer." The drawings with their titles pretty well explain themselves. Like most Southrons who are unaccustomed to the "garb of old Gaul," Mr. Aldgate is bothered by his kilt, which he puts on hind-side before, and can't remember where the sporran goes. Then when he takes a lesson in reel-dancing from his gillie, saying, "You just do a few simple movements, not too fast, and I'll follow," he receives a smart confusion in the ribs. And when the piper plays in his honour at dawn of day, his first inclination is to send for the police. When crossing from one rock to another—the bridge having broken down—each place seems easier before reaching it, and harder after it is reached. Says Donald, "Ech! If the gentleman canna joomp, he maun wade," nevertheless he consoles our friend by saying, "Ech! ye're safe! Ye'd jamb twixt the stanes, and nae gae doon at a'!" "This means guineas" indicates the expensive nature of the sport. Mr. Aldgate has to tip the gillie handsomely. But the lessee of a deer-forest bleeds still more freely. He thinks he is let off cheap if each stag only costs him 80s. If he has an unlucky season, 200s. a head will be nearer the figure. Mr. Aldgate probably felt happiest when, all his perils and hardships being over, he was able to show his trophies to admiring friends, and to invite them to take a "quoich o' whusky," as he calls it.

GOING TO JOIN MY REGIMENT DURING THE RAINS

THESE engravings (by Captain T. C. Porter, 6th Dragoon Guards, Sialkoti, India) depict the adventures which befel an officer recalled from leave in Kashmir during the monsoon rains of July last for the purpose of joining his regiment, which formed part of the Indian contingent for Egypt. The march during which he underwent this series of catastrophes was between Tinali and Rara, on the well-known Juree route. Captain Porter describes his sketches thus:—

- "1.—2 P.M.—Raining heavily. We are bound to start, and the weather certainly does not look like clearing up.
- "2.—3 P.M.—Still raining. We encounter a landslip. There is a sheer precipice of 1,000 feet into the river if we slip.
- "3.—4 P.M.—Raining harder. My wife's dandy breaks clean in two with the weight of the rain.
- "4.—6 P.M.—Raining harder than ever. The rush of water down the sides of the hill has washed away the road, and the river is so swollen that it has overflowed, so we have to wade.
- "5.—7.30 P.M.—Raining worse still. We arrive wet and tired at a staging bungalow kept up by the great hospitality of the Maharajah of Kashmir. It leaks, and there is the usual colony of vermin, &c.
- "6.—8.30 P.M. Still raining. Tired and hungry, we are anxiously expecting dinner, when the cook arrives to say that he can procure no supplies, and that our two last bottles of whisky are broken. N.B.—No more whisky procurable for five marches. Noticed that the cook kept very close to the open door."

THE SYDNEY EXHIBITION BUILDING

THIS building, called the Garden Palace, which was totally destroyed by fire on September 22nd, the loss being estimated at 500,000l., was erected for the Sydney International Exhibition of 1879, and was a large and spacious structure. Since the close of the Exhibition it was converted to uses somewhat similar to those of our Crystal Palace. The plan of the building was cruciform, with nave and transept, supplemented by extensive aisles. It was 800 feet long, by 500 feet wide. At the intersection of the nave and transept rose a dome 100 feet in diameter, and terminating in a lantern, whose finial was 210 feet above the ground. The nave and transept terminated in four entrance towers. The aisles were lighted overhead with vertical windows facing south to avoid direct sunlight. A beautiful view was obtained from the dome and the balconies of the lovely scenery of the Botanic Gardens and the Harbour. The building, which was situated in the celebrated public pleasure ground known as the Inner Domain of Government House, was largely constructed of wood, especially in the pillars and *façades*. The inflammable character of its materials probably accounts for its rapid destruction.—Our engravings are from photographs by J. Paine, Sydney.

THE ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE

THE autumnal meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce opened in Gloucester on the 3rd inst. At 10 A.M. the Mayor and Corporation assembled in the Corn Exchange, and the Mayor, on behalf of the Corporation and citizens, gave the delegates a hearty welcome. Mr. W. C. Lucy, as President of the local Chamber, on its behalf, also bade them welcome, which was cordially acknowledged on behalf of the Chambers by Mr. Monk, M.P. The proceedings, which lasted only a few minutes, then terminated, and the

members and delegates adjourned to the Bell Assembly Room, where the business of the meeting was begun. The number of Chambers represented was 46, and there were about 140 delegates present. After business was over the members were invited to visit the Cathedral and the Roman remains, or to take a trip down the canal. On the following evening the delegates were entertained at a banquet, Mr. W. C. Lucy, President of the local Chamber, being in the chair.

THE COMET

THE comet now visible is one of the most interesting bodies of its class of which there is any record. Out of the hundreds which have been observed from time to time only ten have been visible in broad daylight. From accounts received from various places in Spain, Portugal, and India, the present comet was seen in full daylight when only a few degrees from the sun. Only four known comets have approached so near the sun, namely, that of 1668, 1680, 1843, and 1880. Some authorities identify our present visitor with the comet of 1668, others with that of 1843. It appears to have been first observed at the Cape of Good Hope on September 17th, but was probably visible as a bright object in the southern hemisphere a week earlier. It is expected to be much longer in view than its



THE COMET AS SEEN FROM THE P. AND O. SS. "ASSAM"
Five a.m., Sept. 26, Lat. 37° 36' N., Long. 9° 14' E.

predecessors of 1843 or 1880, and is declared by some to be likely to fall into the sun. Observers at Vienna say it is one of the most brilliant which has ever appeared. At Lord Crawford's observatory at Dunecht it is described as being visible to the naked eye every morning in the E.S.E., from 5.0 to 5.30, and looking as bright as a star of the first magnitude. The tail was plainly seen at Helmsley.

Our engraving is from a sketch made by an officer of the P. and O. steamer *Assam*, on September 26th, at 5.5 A.M., in the Mediterranean. "The nucleus," he says, "was of a pale yellowish colour, and equal in brightness to Sirius. The south edge of the tail was very clearly defined, with a slight curve upwards. The upper or northern edge was straight, but not so clearly defined. It was illumined by a misty reflected light. The whole of the tail faded gradually towards the end."

NOTE.—The officer who commanded the detachment of cavalry which first occupied the Citadel at Cairo was Captain Darley, 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, and not Captain Varley, as given in our last issue.



THE WAR.—At a meeting of the Common Council on Thursday last it was resolved that an address of thanks and congratulation should be presented to Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Beauchamp Seymour, and to the latter the freedom of the City and a sword of honour, a compliment already paid by the Court to Sir G. Wolseley. The request of the Lord Mayor-elect that a detachment of each of the regiments engaged in the campaign should be allowed to take part in the procession on Lord Mayor's Day has been refused, on the ground that a sufficient number will not have returned.—At Knightsbridge the First Life Guards will be entertained at a public banquet, and similar preparations for the welcome home of regiments quartered there are announced from Windsor, Plymouth, Brighton, and other towns. In Scotland, where there seems to be an opinion that the Highland Brigade should have been more amply mentioned in the despatches, the Fort William Commissioners have passed a resolution recommending the presentation of a special sword of honour to Sir A. Alison. The Queen will return from Balmoral earlier than usual to witness the disembarkation of the Guards and other of the principal regiments at Portsmouth.—Meanwhile the darker side of even the shortest and least stubbornly contested campaign is daily shown by the arrival in quick succession of transports charged with sick and wounded men. The resources of the great hospital at Netley, which makes up nearly 1,000 beds, were almost exhausted with the landing on Saturday morning of sixteen officers and 288 non-commissioned officers and privates from the *British Prince*, and the *Courland* had to take her ninety invalids on to Woolwich, where she will load again with barrack equipments for the army of occupation. The *Lusitania* has brought home 249 sick, of whom the greater number were sent on to Aldershot, and the *France* 294 more, besides seventeen officers. Great complaints have been made of bad food and insufficient attendance on board the transports, particularly the *France* and the *Malabar*.—At the Military Tournament at West Drayton 500l. were raised towards an "Egyptian War Fund" for the families of killed or disabled soldiers; and a meeting will be held next week at General Taylor's house in Eaton Place to concert

united action in the matter. The casualties in the field amount to over 500, and the hospital cases will probably not be far short of 4,000.

SPEECHES OUT OF PARLIAMENT continue more and more to breathe the notes of coming battle. Sir Stafford Northcote's second address at Glasgow, in acknowledgment of the presentation of the freedom of the city, was marked indeed with his usual avoidance of harsh sayings; but Mr. Gibson at Manchester and again at Galashiels, Mr. E. Clarke at Darlington and Durham, Sir R. Peel at Oldham, and Sir H. Giffard at Launceston have clearly indicated that Government will be sharply attacked when Parliament reassembles for having plunged the country into a costly war, which might have been avoided had we kept all along to the far-sighted diplomacy which brought us "peace with honour," and will be opposed *à outrance* in every attempt to introduce the *Clôture* by a bare majority. On the latter point Mr. Gibson declared that "he would not believe that Mr. Gladstone was about to withdraw his proposal to accept the amendment which stood in his (Mr. Gibson's) name until he said so himself from his place in Parliament." A letter from Sir S. Northcote has been published, warning Conservatives to be vigilant, for many extreme Liberals are ill at ease, and will ask for "a strong dose of Radical measures to take the taste of the war policy out of their mouths." At Aberdeen a new Conservative Club was opened on Monday, and an energetic defence of the House of Lords as "the House of Second Thoughts" delivered by Lord Kintore. On the other hand, Liberal meetings at Bury St. Edmund's, Gainsborough, &c., have continued to express their confidence in the Government, satisfaction at the happy issue of the war, and full approval of the new Rules of Procedure. Mr. C. P. Villiers has written to his constituents at Wolverhampton that any measure for the reform of the House "maturely considered by Mr. Gladstone" will deserve the most respectful attention; and at Birmingham there has been a crowded meeting in the Town Hall, at which an amendment by Mr. Satchell Hopkins, President of the Birmingham Conservative Association, to the effect that the "*Clôture* by a bare majority was too severe a remedy," was lost, and the motion of Mr. Dixon, ex-M.P. for the borough, approving the new Rules, was carried by an overwhelming majority. In reply to the memorial from the Anti-Slavery Society, Mr. Gladstone has addressed a letter to Mr. Pease, "hoping that it may be found possible to effect something in Egypt, though his knowledge is not such as to warrant his speaking with confidence."

THE CONFERENCE OF THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF RAILWAY SERVANTS was concluded on Friday last at Darlington. Resolutions were passed advocating the general adoption of continuous brakes, the appointment of a larger staff of Government inspectors, and the adoption of the most approved system of coupling and uncoupling carriages. The lives lost in this department of railway work had amounted in the five years ending 1880 to 205, and the serious injuries to 1,614.

THE AGITATION AMONG THE COLLIERS for higher pay is still apparently most fierce in Yorkshire. At a conference of delegates, representing 27,000 hands, at Rotherham, it was agreed to give notice to the masters, if the latter refused the 15 per cent. advance, and arrangements were made with the Secretary of the Lancashire Unions, Mr. Ashton, for a meeting at Manchester on Friday next of representatives of all the nine counties "which are untrammelled by sliding-scale agreements." In the Derbyshire and Nottingham districts advances ranging from 12½ to 7½ per cent. have been offered by employers, and ballots, it is said, will be taken in the different collieries to decide if these terms are to be accepted. In South and North Staffordshire awards of a 10 per cent. advance have been accepted over districts employing 16,000 and 20,000 respectively; and in Durham the Executive of the Unions have reminded the men that they are bound to keep to the sliding-scale arrangements as long as possible. Mr. Cowen, M.P., addressing a miners' meeting at Winton on Saturday, believed that we were approaching a period of moderate mining prosperity, but thought no machinery had yet been constructed by which restriction of output could be enforced.

IRISH NATIONALISTS on either side of the Atlantic have been not a little discouraged by a brief telegram from the editor of the *Irish World* to Mr. Patrick Egan, advising him of a remittance of 17,000 dols., making a total of 342,000 dols. sent, but adding that "With this issue he closes the fund, as he believes the Land League to be a thing of the past." The blow is believed to be aimed at the Parnell wing by the more extreme men who consider Parliamentary agitation to be false tactics, though some suspect that a falling-off in the subscriptions has compelled them to make a virtue of necessity. But the stoppage of remittances is none the less deprecated by the trusted officials who had the spending of them. Mr. Davitt has been abusing with equal vigour the Liberal Government and the Land Bill at Wexford. "The mountain of agitation has brought forth a mouse," and landlordism has got a new lease of life. Mr. Healy, following him, bade his hearers not to be too pessimist, but to use the Land Act as an entrenchment for further operations.—At Castleisland considerable regret has been displayed for the murder of the industrious tenant-farmer Brown, Archdeacon O'Connell declaring from the pulpit that such crimes brought a curse upon the land; and both Mr. Davitt and Mr. O'Connor Power have denounced the men who shoot their landlords from behind hedges, though the anger of the latter was hotter still against the "packed juries" who convict them when arrested.—At a sale at Limerick prices have been realised for farms which a few months back would have been thought fabulous—one plot of 13½ a year rental selling for 400£, and a little farm of 53 acres for nearly 1,000£. The sale was the first since the Land Act became law. The approaching Conference at Dublin will be held on a wider scale than was at first intended, and will also be open to the Press.

ACCIDENTS AND DISASTERS.—Towards the end of last week there arrived at Liverpool the captain and twenty-two of the crew of the steamer *Bendigo*, which foundered in St. George's Channel during the recent gales. They had been without food or water in an open boat for four days, during which one of their number became delirious. On the fourth day they were picked up by the *Richard Cobden*, and carried to Swansea.—At Bristol a fire at Baker's Flour Mills has caused damage to the amount of 50,000£, and at Brighton Mellison's Concert Hall has been burned to the ground, and the adjoining hotels in the block greatly injured. The Hall contained an organ which had cost 2,000£.—At Birmingham there has been another railway collision, the ninth in as many days, through a Leicester train running into that for Sutton Colfield. The guard of the Sutton train was dangerously hurt, and twelve passengers more or less severely.

AT BANGOR the typhoid epidemic has begun at last to abate, only six new cases, the last of a mild type, having been reported since Thursday. From Bethesda, too, the accounts are better, though there is still much sickness there, and in the model village of Llandegai. In London scarlet fever is decidedly on the increase, and the deaths from this source rose to 71 last week, exceeding the corrected weekly average by 9. In the Board Asylums there are 593 cases.

THE TWO FIRST CREMATIONS carried out in England since Roman times took place on Sunday and Monday last, when the bodies of Mrs. Hanham, wife of Captain Hanham, and of Lady Hanham, wife of the late Rev. Sir James Hanham, of Dean's Court, were reduced to ashes, according to their dying wish, under the direction of Captain Hanham, son of the latter lady and husband of

the former. Mrs. Hanham had died in July, 1876, and Lady Hanham in June, 1877, and the bodies had been kept in a mausoleum in the grounds, where the ashes will now be deposited in cinerary urns. The process, which was most satisfactory in all respects, was witnessed by Dr. Comyns Leach, Medical Officer of Health for the Sturminster District.

SIR B. SEYMOUR will probably take the title of Baron Alcester, of Alcester, in the County of Warwick.



THE TURF.—The Second October Meeting at Newmarket, which is always one of the big weeks in the racing year, began on Monday, and produced some very interesting running. Edelweiss followed up his recent successes, and won the Cesarewitch Trial Handicap for Mr. Crawford, his performance having the effect of giving his stable companion, Corrie Roy, a lift in the Cesarewitch market, while Mark Antony's indifferent running depressed his stable companion, City Arab. The old-fashioned Clearwell Stakes brought out a good field of eleven, of whom Mr. F. Gretton's dark colt Acrostic was made favourite. But he could only get third, and Hauteur, carrying 9lbs. extra, beat Goldfield cleverly by three parts of a length. The fielders had a good turn in Incognita's being but little backed for the First Welter, in which she beat Dean Swift and thirteen others. The Dean on the following day won the Heath Stakes, and so consoled his followers. In the Scurry Nursery the backers picked out Gisela as favourite in a field of eleven, and she beat Lucerne by a head; and in a Maiden Plate they were equally fortunate in preferring Diletto to the other nine starters. The Cesarewitch will long be remembered as producing the smallest number of competitors which has come to the post since 1839, when the race was established, and won by Lord Miltown's Cruiskeen in a field of ten. The number of starters on Tuesday was fourteen, and Shrewsbury, on the strength of his performance at the previous Newmarket Meeting, maintained his position as first favourite to the fall of the flag. Corrie Roy, Chippendale, and City Arab were next in demand, very strong support being given to Corrie Roy. How she won easily enough from Chippendale, with City Arab third, all our readers interested in such matters well know. The performance was a good one, as the 8st. 7lbs. Mr. Crawford's four-year-old carried is the highest weight a Cesarewitch winner has yet borne, though it will not compare with Robert the Devil's victory two years ago, when as a three-year-old he carried only 11b. less. When we think of Corrie Roy starting for the Goodwood Stakes this year at 50 to 1 with 8st. on her back being unplaced, we give an involuntary shrug of the shoulders, and simply remark that the present racing season has been very prolific of in-and-out running, and will add significance to the well-known expression—"the glorious uncertainty of the Turf." It must not, however, be forgotten that Corrie Roy last autumn showed she could stay the Cesarewitch course, when she beat Peter, Exeter, Chippendale, and others over it for the Jockey Club Cup. Poor old Chippendale ought to know the track pretty well by this time, as he won the Cesarewitch in 1879, and has run second for it for the two last years in succession. Shrewsbury made a good show for the greater part of the distance, but the course was a little too far for him. However, he finished fourth, and in the opinion of many might have been nearer the winner. Hence he was made first favourite for the Cambridgeshire, and stands at the time of writing at about 15 to 1. Abbotsford (late Mistake) also showed well for a time, and perhaps may make a good bid for that race. The Middle Park Plate well kept up its prestige, and Mr. Crawford's colours were again in the van on Macheath, who carried the highest weight, 9st. 3lbs., with which it has been won. Highland Chief, with 9st., was second, and these were the two which the backers made first and second favourites in a field of seventeen. As yet no Middle Park winner has taken Epsom honours, but it looks not unlikely that if Macheath can stand training he may break the charm. For the Select Stakes, Kermesse put in an appearance after her long absence from public life, and, carrying 11b. more than Nellie, ran a dead heat with her, Shotover, the Derby winner, failing to give them the 10lbs. she was required to do. Perhaps after a little time Kermesse will reassert the supremacy she showed over all the two-year-olds of last season.

FOOTBALL.—The Footballists are up and doing in all directions, and the present season seems likely to be a busier one than any of its predecessors, as every year the game becomes more and more popular.—Among the Association games recently played may be mentioned those between Aston Villa (Birmingham) and Notts County, in which the latter were victorious by two goals to one; and between the Vale of Leven and Queen's Park (Glasgow), in which the former were defeated by six goals to four.—In Rugby Union games the London Scottish have beaten the Middlesex Wanderers, Blackheath the Harlequins, and Clapham Rovers the West Kent.

ATHLETICS.—The London Athletic Club have held their Annual Autumn Meeting at Stamford Bridge. Of the members' races, J. M. Cowie won the 100 Yards' Challenge Cup, and W. Stevenson the 300 Yards' Challenge Cup Handicap. C. P. Beckley again won the Three Miles' Walking Challenge Cup, and S. H. Baker walked over for the Half-Mile.

AQUATICS.—We hear from America that Hanlan and Ross are matched for 500£ a side to row a race at New Orleans in a couple of months' time.

BICYCLING.—Eight competitors started for the Twenty Miles' Professional Championship on Saturday last at Leicester, which was won by R. Howell of Coventry in 1 h. 2 min. 55 sec.

PEDESTRIANISM.—On Tuesday last, on the Cambridge Road, a little way out of Newmarket, the well-known "ped." H. Thatcher, made an attempt to walk twenty-two miles in three hours, and so eclipse the memorable achievement of Charles Westhall on the same road, who, a generation ago, completed twenty-one miles in the time in the fairest possible manner. The weather and the track were rather against Thatcher, who gave in after completing eighteen miles in 2 hrs. 23 min. 37 sec.

BILLIARDS.—A very remarkable match has just been played between W. Mitchell and W. J. Peall, the latter receiving 1,000 points in 5,000. On the first evening, when at 1,207, Mitchell gained position for the spot stroke, and did not cease disposing of the red until he had made the extraordinary break of 1,055, including no fewer than 350 consecutive spot strokes,—the highest break on record. Eventually he won the game by 5 points.

THE FINE ART EXHIBITION AT ROME has been postponed, owing to a petition on the part of a number of Florentine and Venetian artists, who state that the late inundations have so impeded the works they were preparing that they will not be ready by the date fixed for the opening. It is therefore proposed that the time for the delivery of works shall extend until December 1st, and the opening of the Exhibition itself shall not take place until January 15th, 1883.



GUITEAU'S SKULL HAS BEEN STOLEN from the Army Medical Museum at Washington, where it was being exhibited.

A FINE ART EXHIBITION was opened at Simla on last Saturday week. The paintings exhibited were 414 in number, a decrease of twenty-four in those sent the previous year.

A MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF THE LATE CZAR is to be erected at Moscow, and thirty-three competitive designs have been sent in, many of which are of high artistic value, and will be exhibited at the Moscow School of Fine Arts.

THE ISTHMUS OF CORINTH CANAL is progressing very slowly, only 200 workmen being employed in its construction. Next spring steam-engines and perforators now being made will come into action, and it is hoped the canal will be finished by 1887.

THE INDIAN COLLECTION belonging to the Prince of Wales, together with that of South Kensington, has been transferred from Berlin to Copenhagen. The collection, which has been tastefully arranged in the Amalienburg Castle, was thrown open to the public last Saturday by the King, the Crown Prince and Princess and Royal Family being present.

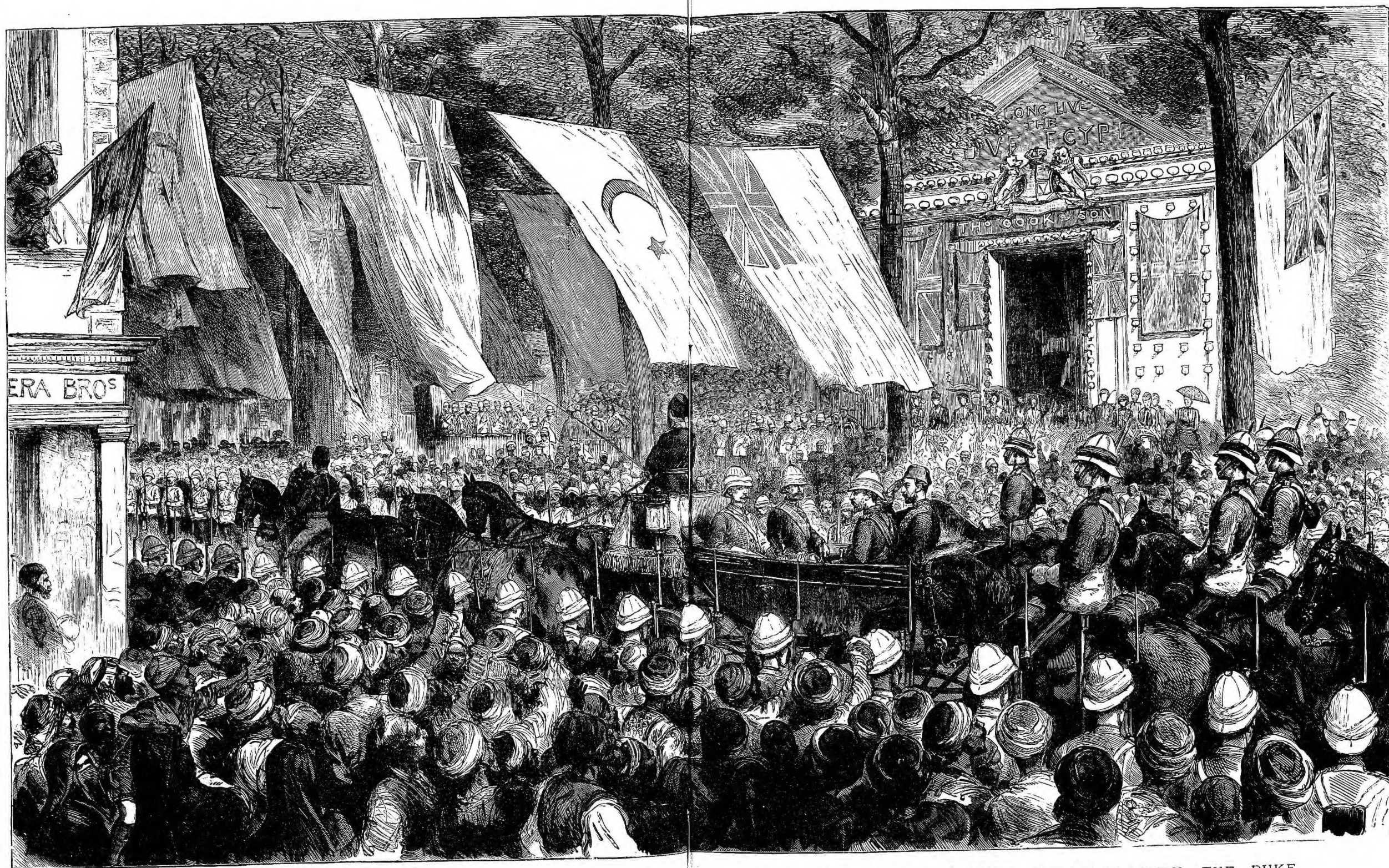
THE OLD BRIDGE OVER THE MOSELLE AT COBLENTZ is to be partly removed, and replaced by an iron one of larger dimensions at a cost of 1,500£. The old bridge was built of stone in 1340, and is no longer sufficient for the requirements of the traffic; during its existence of five and a half centuries the armies of nearly all the sovereigns of Europe have crossed it.

DURING THE RECENT EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN it is reported that a shell passed over Sir Garnet Wolsley's head, and then took off the leg of a horse ten yards behind him. An American contemporary has been trying to prove that this was impossible. Allowing that the head of the General was 9 feet from the ground, that the shell passed 3 feet higher, and that the horse's leg was struck 2 feet from the ground, the trajectory of the shell would show a fall of 10 feet in a flight of 30 feet. Calculating the speed of the shell from these data, it will be found that it required five-eighths of a second to travel 30 feet, a velocity insufficient to take off the leg of a horse.

LONDON MORTALITY slightly decreased last week, and 1,422 deaths were registered, against 1,449 during the previous seven days, a decline of 27, being 22 below the average, and at the rate of 19½ per 1,000. Scarlet fever is rapidly spreading in the metropolis, and the Metropolitan Asylums Board, who have already opened the Fulham Hospital for the reception of cases, have applied for authority to open the Hampstead Asylum as well. There were 71 deaths from scarlet fever (an increase of 10, 593 cases being in the Board's Asylums last Saturday), 3 from small-pox (a decline of 4), 25 from measles (an increase of 3), 22 from diphtheria (a fall of 6), 30 from whooping-cough (a decline of 1), 2 from typhus fever, 28 from enteric fever (a rise of 8), 1 from an undefined form of fever, 29 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 5), and 253 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a fall of 47, and 8 below the average), of which 123 were attributed to bronchitis and 81 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 49 deaths; 39 were the result of negligence or accident. Ten cases of suicide were registered, being twice the corrected average. There were 2,467 births registered, against 2,538 during the previous week, being 108 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 55°4 deg., and 1°7 deg. above the average.

FUND FOR OLD AND DISABLED SOLDIERS.—Amongst the various developments of benevolence in this country, the claims of old soldiers can scarcely be said to have received due consideration. It is true that pensions are granted, under certain conditions, to deserving soldiers who are incapacitated from further service; but in many cases the provision is inadequate to supply them with the necessities of life. A bequest of about 10,000£ was, a few years ago, made with this view by the late Mr. William Woodman, and the interest of that sum is to be administered by the Commander-in-Chief for the time being, in the relief of worn-out or disabled soldiers of good character. This fund has enabled the Duke of Cambridge to relieve many cases of urgent distress; but it is obvious that the income from this sum, about 300£ a year, is very inadequate, and it is therefore desirable that further funds should be raised. At this moment, when so many of our soldiers have been wounded or otherwise incapacitated by service in the field, it is believed that the public will be readily disposed to augment this bequest by additional contributions. Subscriptions are therefore earnestly solicited in aid of the Fund. Her Majesty has also been graciously pleased to evince an interest in this proposal, and has permitted her name to appear as Patron of the Fund. Her Majesty has further headed the list of subscribers with a donation of 100£, the Duke of Cambridge has also expressed his willingness to become Patron, whilst a number of officers and gentlemen formed a Committee, under the chairmanship of General Lord William Paulet, G.C.B., to arrange for the investment of any money which may be forthcoming, and to consider the rules under which the proposed Fund should be administered. Contributions will be received by Messrs. Coutts, 59, Strand, W.C., and Messrs. Cox and Co., Craig's Court, S.W., and will be placed by them to the credit of the Fund for Old and Disabled Soldiers.

AN INTERESTING LOAN EXHIBITION OF LACE AND FANS is being held this month at the Brighton Aquarium, and is considerably appreciated by the lady visitors in particular. Though not very large, the collection is well-arranged, and includes some remarkable specimens of old lace—notably a quaint piece of Flemish workmanship, wrought with great skill, and representing the Nativity. The Virgin and Child are in the centre, surrounded by animals, the Star, &c., arranged with delightful disregard of the rules of perspective, while King Herod, and the doctors disputing in the Temple, are seen in the border. This is lent by Lady Brassey, who contributes largely to both sections of the exhibition, and whose old Flemish lappets are exquisitely fine and delicately executed. Amongst the antique treasures lent by other exhibitors are some Spanish seventeenth-century "Caterpillar Point," some well-preserved silver lace and splendid old French blonde, and another curious needlework picture—a square of Italian Guipure Church Lace, with a raised figure of the Madonna in the centre. Modern productions are well-represented, while the manufacture of pillow lace is practically illustrated. Of the fans the antique specimens are decidedly the most attractive. Types of all countries are here, from the familiar Chinese and Japanese, the curious shell and the circular South American feather fan, to those of delicate Belgian lace, and those ingeniously ornamented with crests. Two pleasing relics of bygone years are put to more practical use than merely keeping the owner cool, as one is covered with geographical information, while another records the music of "Country Dances for the Year 1794." The modern exhibits are mostly very tasteful, especially M. Marcot's combination of pearl sticks, cobwebby lace, and graceful peasant design. A large number are shown in competition for the prizes given by the directors, and most of these are of the type made familiar by South Kensington. The majority are floral designs, several being artistically grouped, while one or two of the landscapes are painted with much taste and refinement. Altogether the collection is an agreeable addition to the many attractions of Brighton during her autumn season.



THE WAR IN EGYPT—THE ENTRY OF THE KHEDEVE INTO CAIRO, ACCOMPANIED BY SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND SIR E. MALET, SEPTEMBER 28

FROM A SKETCH BY A MILITARY OFFICER



EGYPT.—The British troops are now rapidly leaving Alexandria, and in a few days Egypt will be left to the care of the temporary garrison which has been told off to maintain order until Baker Pasha can organise his new army. Meanwhile, all is quiet and peaceful, save in one or two of the towns in the interior, such, for instance, as Tanta, where the natives continue to manifest a fanatical feeling against the Christians. Indeed, it is asserted that our occupation has produced comparatively little impression, it being widely believed that the Sultan has ordered us to go no further than Cairo, so that it is generally considered that a military demonstration of some nature in the outlying districts will be absolutely necessary if we wish to reap the full benefit of the Expedition. An obnoxious sheik at Tanta, however, has been punished with a hundred lashes for endeavouring to stir up an agitation against the Christians. Large quantities of arms have also been seized at Tanta, where the greatest vigilance has to be used by the authorities to prevent an outbreak. At Cairo both officers and soldiers have been sightseeing and generally amusing themselves before leaving for home, the troops being taken in detachments to view the Pyramids. The Duke of Connaught has gone for a few days' trip up the Nile, being received with great pomp at the various stations on the way. Serious business, however, is by no means being neglected. The Preliminary Court of Inquiry is hard at work sifting the evidence against the various rebel prisoners, who number in all about 130, and preparations are being made for the trial of Arabi and the chief rebel leaders. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has engaged the Hon. Mark Napier as counsel for Arabi, but it is doubtful whether the prisoner will be allowed to avail himself of his services, as the trial will be conducted in Arabic. When the prisoners were handed over to the Egyptian Government by the British authorities, an express stipulation was made that they should be allowed legal assistance. The Egyptian Government now contend that they are not, however, bound to sanction the engagement of foreign counsel. Arabi has now been formally handed over to the Egyptians, who have changed his place of confinement to a prison, and treat him like a convict. Mahmoud Sami and Toulba Pashas have already been examined before the Prosecution Committee, under the presidency of Ismail Pasha Eyoub. The former stated that he had been actuated entirely by fear, while the latter absolutely denied having taken part in the rebellion, or having held a command in Arabi's army. Said Bey Gandeel, also, the Prefect of Alexandria during the outrages of June 11th, denied having distributed bludgeons to the natives on that day, as also the other charges brought against him. On Wednesday Arabi Pasha himself was examined, and replied to the interrogatories by long speeches, which, however, contained no important matter. The International Commission for indemnifying the European residents of Egypt for their property lost and destroyed during the campaign is being organised, and will now probably be divided into two sections, one of which will examine the various claims, while the other will consider how the wherewithal to pay these claims is to be raised, as the revenues set aside for the payment of the interest of the National Debt must naturally be left untouched. As for the resumption of the Control, although Sir Auckland Colvin has returned to Egypt, the functions of that dual body are not to be renewed at present.

From Alexandria there is little save the execution on Saturday of Hadji Mustapha, a well-known water-seller, for participation in the outrages of June 11, and on Monday of the murderers of Dr. Ribton and M. Cattani. No British troops were present at the latter execution, but no disturbance occurred, though an immense crowd had assembled. The British troops are now being withdrawn from the various posts which they have occupied pending the disorganisation of the various native services, and even the Custom House has now been completely restored to Egyptian officials.

Other countries are still watching the progress of events in Egypt with the greatest interest, and awaiting the announcement of what England intends to propose with regard to a final settlement with ill-concealed impatience. FRANCE is still harping upon the old theme that England must not elbow her out of all share in Egyptian affairs, and that, come what may, the Joint Control must not be abolished. This has been querulously repeated by the Gambettist organs for the last fortnight. Thus, on Monday, the *République Française*, referring to the rumour that Sir Auckland Colvin had been ordered not to resume the function of the Control, refuses to believe that Lord Granville can have resorted to "so clumsy and indecorous a mode of setting aside the Control without consulting France." Many of the Centre organs, and the *Débats* in particular, however, show much more sound common sense, reminding their countrymen that as in the hour of need they chose to do nothing, and allowed the British to take the place they abandoned, they can hardly now complain that the English are now in the position of "Beati Possidentes." Moreover, he reminds them that the policy of "abstention, self-effacement, and abdication" was dictated to the Government by the country at large through the Deputies who refused the Cabinet the supplies for the proposed expedition to restore order in Egypt. To this on Wednesday the *République Française* replies very angrily, declaring that "because a French Assembly had refused to intervene, France had by no means given in her resignation in Egypt." "The old conventions," it is protested, "exist for us as long as they are not abrogated by the consent of the contracting parties, and the French Government cannot subscribe to arrangements which would involve for France the negation of her interests and the abandonment of her rights." In GERMANY, the *Cologne Gazette* is amusing itself with reproducing second-hand stories of the cruelty of British soldiers to Arab wounded; while, according to *The Times* correspondent, Prince Bismarck has been pondering the best way for the English to secure a majority of votes in the Suez Canal Company, and suggests that the British Government should allow trustees to invest their capital in Suez shares. "There would soon be thousands of Englishmen," he is said to have declared, "entitled to attend and vote at the meetings. The railways might get up cheap trips, or the shareholders would send proxies, and at the proper time they will secure themselves from M. de Lesseps' fits of passion." The object of the English is eventually, we are told, to depose M. de Lesseps from his chairmanship, and elect in his place some such prominent Englishman as Admiral Seymour. In TURKEY Lord Dufferin has replied to the Porte's inquiry as to when the British troops would be withdrawn. After mentioning the responsibility imposed upon England by the sacrifices she has made in Egypt, he announces plainly that "until order is restored and evidence is forthcoming of the stability of the new order of things, a portion of the British troops are likely to be compelled to prolong their stay."

FRANCE.—Rarely within the last score of years has there been such absolutely political quietude as exists at present in France. The Legitimists have finished their yearly banquets, and there is not even an Irreconcilable meeting to chronicle. The only incident has been the death of poor Admiral Pothuau, a brave old sailor, whose gallant conduct with his Naval Brigade in 1871 first brought him into political notice, for it was through his popularity that M. Thiers appointed him Minister of Marine—a post which he also held during the MacMahonate. He subsequently was

Ambassador to London, but of late has retired into private life, and on Saturday he died of cancer. The funeral ceremony took place at the Invalides on Wednesday, being conducted with great pomp and ceremony, and being attended by officers of the highest rank of both services. Home politics being thus dull, people have been turning their attention further afield, and Madagascar is now the chief theme of discussion. Queen Ranavola's Ambassadors are now in Paris, and some journals, anxious to find a *revenge* for the success of the British in Egypt, are assuming beforehand that their propositions are unacceptable, and that "energetic measures will have to be adopted." The Hovas, or ruling race, are regarded as completely under British influence, while the Sakalaves are presumed to be under a species of French protectorate by virtue of old treaties. The French, therefore, are loud in their cries of "Hands off" what they claim to be territory placed under their rule, namely, Bali Bay on the west, and Fort Dauphin and other points on the east and south.

In PARIS considerable sympathy has been aroused by the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Froidevaux, the officer second in command of the Paris Fire Brigade, who was killed on Saturday morning while attending a large fire on the Boulevard de Charonne. He was a general favourite, and he was buried with both official and public honours on Tuesday, the Premier and several of the Ministers attending. Another Parisian topic has been the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who opened a series of services at the American Chapel in the Rue de Berri. M. de Pressensé, a senator and well-known Protestant pastor, opened the service with a prayer that the mission might lighten the "darkness in which the French were stumbling between superstition and infidelity." To turn to more mundane matters, the annual amateur sculling race was held on Sunday in Paris, M. Lein, the representative of the chief Paris club, carrying off the prize.—In theatrical circles the chief novelty has been MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's *Madame Thérèse* at the Châtelet—a dead failure. Madame Sarah Bernhardt will shortly appear at the Vaudeville in a new piece by M. Sardou, *Fedora*, the plot treating of Russian folk, but the scene being laid in Paris.

In the provinces the vintage returns appear to be below the average. The experiments for combatting the *phylloxera*, however, are decidedly bearing fruit. Sulphide of carbon seems to be a most efficient insecticide, while the vines planted in sandy soils where the *phylloxera* does not venture, are most flourishing. The proprietors of such districts are accordingly in high glee, for lands not worth 4*l.* a hectare a few years since are now estimated at 400*l.* Affairs in Southern Tunis are far from promising, and strong reinforcements have been sent to Gabes and Sfax with a view to a winter campaign.

AUSTRIA.—Thanks to the energetic action of the Government the anti-Jewish agitation round Pressburg has been suppressed, and no further disturbances are reported. It now appears that the various Municipal authorities were authorised by the Government to pronounce martial law should the riots have continued. Over a hundred persons have been arrested for participation in the outrages. The chief topic, however, is the *rapprochement* which seem to be taking place between Serbia, Montenegro, and Bulgaria, whose rulers have interchanged visits, while the visit of the Prince of Montenegro to Russia has given rise to all sorts of rumours of a Confederation of the Balkan States under the protectorate of Russia. Ever jealous of their Muscovite neighbours, this rumour has created some uneasiness. Meanwhile King Milan of Serbia, who has been taking the baths at Ischl this week, has been to Vienna, and dined with the Emperor, and this again gives rise to a counter rumour that an Austro-Serbian alliance is in contemplation. Amongst the foreign visitors also is the King of Greece, who has been very hospitably entertained at Vienna. There is a statement, though apparently without any solid foundation, that Austria wishes to place the Kilis mouth of the Danube, now held by Russia, under the international control which supervises the navigation of the remaining mouths, a proposition naturally objected to by the Russian Government. The Delegations have been summoned to meet on the 25th ult. by the Emperor, and some brisk debates on the military question, and the number of the troops to be maintained in Bosnia are expected.

ITALY.—Signor Depretis has made his long-expected Ministerial speech at a banquet at Stradella, his constituency, on Sunday. He remarked that his utterances would be "a confession, a vindication, and a legacy." If he had not been an infallible prophet, at least he had been sincere in his promises during the last decade. In fulfilment of his programme announced seven years since, the grist tax had been abolished, the fiscal duties reduced, the integrity of the Budgets had been maintained, and electoral reform had been effected. He dwelt on the great commercial improvement which had taken place in Italy, and, passing to the religious question, declared that he did not consider that concessions could be made to the Clericals beyond the law of guarantees. Turning to the vexed question of increased armaments, he protested that it was impossible to consent to another immediate increased expenditure which would amount to tens of millions. Speaking of foreign affairs, he announced that "our relations with England, our ancient and sure friend, are excellent. Documents will be laid before Parliament, and will show that our acceptance of the invitation to intervene in Egypt would not have been consistent with our international duties." He then enumerated the various Ministerial measures which related to sanitary reform, irrigation, and forests; to the establishment of an agrarian Credit Foncier and a pension fund, and a number of Bills in favour of the working classes; the remodelling of the commercial and provincial laws, a reform of the service of public safety, an improvement in the position of school teaching, and measures dealing with the merchant navy and the equalisation of the land tax. Truly a pretty comprehensive programme for the ensuing Session.

Considerable discussion has been excited by the institution of two Commissions by the Pope to try offences committed within the precincts of the Vatican, where hitherto it has been presumed that the Pope exercises temporal as well as spiritual authority. This is regarded as a substantial protest against a decision recently given by a Roman tribunal that Italian civil jurisdiction extends within the walls of the Vatican. It is looked upon as a step of some gravity, and as revealing an intention on the part of the Pope to abandon that passive attitude which has of late been pursued by the Vatican, and to assert what temporal authority the law of guarantees has left to the Pontiff.

MISCELLANEOUS.—SPAIN is interested in the curious fusion of parties which is now being carried on under Marshal Serrano, and which at present promises to unite hitherto hostile factions to the great benefit of Parliamentary work.—In RUSSIA the Governor of the Zabaukalski District, Eastern Siberia, has been shot by a female political prisoner.—In the UNITED STATES the chief topics have been the closing of the Irish Land League Fund, and the completion of telegraphic communication throughout the east coast, owing to the opening of the Central and South American Cables. The Democrats have carried this election by a great majority, and have in all gained five seats in Congress, owing to the anti-liquor policy of the Republicans, which has sent the German and beer interest over to the Democrats.—From SOUTH AMERICA we hear of the assassination of General Aldana, President of the State of Cundinamarca, Columbia.—In INDIA there has been a riot at Calcutta, owing to the proceedings of the Salvation Army. Their tent was attacked by a Mahomedan crowd, and the Europeans pelted with stones, some time elapsing before order could be restored. Three of the rioters have been tried, and sentenced to short terms of imprisonment.—In BORNEO Mr. Witt, an explorer, in the service of the North

Borneo Company, has been treacherously murdered by "head-hunters," with several of his native attendants, while making his way to the head of the Sibuco River, on the frontier of the Dutch portion of the island. A police party of the Company was to be despatched to inquire into the facts of the case, and to punish the culprit.—On the WEST COAST of Africa, the Cape Colony and Gold Coast have applied for permission to send a British Rifle Corps for the protection of the colonies of Sierra Leone. The trial of two missionaries, for murdering a native, which began on September 4th.—In NOT A WORD about the fact that there are no better, and Colonel Gordon has resigned in consequence of a disagreement with the Cape Ministry.



THE QUEEN and Princess Beatrice are expected to leave Scotland in the course of next month. On Saturday the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, the Hereditary Grand Duke, and Princess Alice of Hesse, drove to Abergeldie, and took leave of the Princess of Wales. Later in the day Major Fitz-George, 20th Hussars, arrived at the Castle with despatches from Sir Garnet Wolseley, announcing the victory of Tel-el-Kebir. Captain Stewart, Lieutenants Barlow and Fraser, Seaforth Highlanders, the officers of the Guard of Honour at Ballater, were afterwards presented to Her Majesty. On Sunday the Queen, Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Albany, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, attended Divine Service at Crathie Parish Church; the Rev. A. Campbell officiated, and dined with Her Majesty in the evening. On Tuesday Her Majesty gave a ball to the servants, tenants, and gillies of the Balmoral and Abergeldie estates, the Queen and the other members of the Royal Family at Balmoral being present. The Queen intends visiting Netley Hospital, where the officers and soldiers wounded in the Egyptian War are now lying. Her Majesty has approved the appointment of the Duke of Connaught as Honorary Colonel of the 13th Bengal Lancers.

The Prince and Princess of Wales with their family left Abergeldie Castle on Saturday, and arrived at Marlborough House on Sunday morning, subsequently attending Divine service. On Monday the Prince and Princess and family went to the Westminster Aquarium to the performance of the Javanese Gamelan, and in the evening to the Haymarket Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince of Wales and Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales left London for Lausanne, where the young Princes will remain with their governor, the Rev. J. N. Dalton, for the purpose of studying modern languages. The Prince of Wales will stay a few days on the Continent before returning. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz lunched with the Princess of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge also visited the Princess. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, will go to Sandringham the beginning of next week. The Prince of Wales has presented a valuable American organ to the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage. The Prince and Princess of Wales will not again reside at Abergeldie Castle during their visits to Scotland, as the rooms are small and badly ventilated. In future, Birkhall, near Ballater, will be the Deeside shooting-box of the Prince. The Birkhall estate, which belongs to the Prince, lies between the Dee and the Muick, some miles to the east of Balmoral, and covers 6,810 acres. It is valued in the County Roll as worth 750*l.* per annum. Birkhall was built just before the troubles of 1715 for one of the Gordon families, and is a plain, substantial mansion, having a fine view towards Ballater and the lower Deeside valley.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh returned to London on Thursday. The Duke will visit Bristol to attend the fourth Triennial Musical Festival, which begins on the 17th inst., and will dine with the Lord Mayor, the Master, and the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House on the 26th inst.—The Empress Eugénie has returned from the Continent.



THE IMPROVEMENT IN THE PRIMATE'S HEALTH is well kept up, though the cough still gives trouble, and the pulse is occasionally too frequent. His Grace can now converse freely with those about him.

THE DEANERY OF WINDSOR has been bestowed on the Rev. Arthur Connor, Vicar of St. Thomas's, Newport, Isle of Wight, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, and Honorary Canon of Winchester Cathedral. At the same time the new Dean has been appointed Domestic Chaplain to Her Majesty. Mr. Connor was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and has been Vicar of St. Thomas's since 1852.

THE MAYOR'S FUND AT COVENTRY for the extinction of the Vicar's Rate now amounts to 3,175*l.*, of which 800*l.* have been subscribed by non-parishioners. There is little doubt that the required sum of 5,000*l.* will soon be realised.

PREACHING AT EDINBURGH, last Sunday, the Rev. Dr. Begg, the well-known leader of the Free Church, declared that in paying homage to the Holy Carpet the army in Egypt had been called upon to practice gross idolatry, and that the British Government and people would be responsible unless they disowned the act.

THE HARVEST THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL at St. Paul's, on Monday evening, was attended by one of the largest congregations ever assembled in the Cathedral, the majority being members of the Church of England Working Men's Society with their families. The sermon was preached by the Rev. H. M. Villiers.

STORMY SCENES marked the closing days of the Church Congress, during the discussion of the relations of the Church to other Communions—the Bishop of Nelson in particular exciting much opposition by the declaration that we ought to recognise the Orders of other Evangelical bodies—and culminated in somewhat unseemly excitement in the debate upon Liturgical improvements, when Mr. C. L. Wood, President of the English Church Union, advocated the alternative use of the First Prayer Book of Edward VI., and was ironically thanked by Canon Hoare for disclosing the real designs of the Church Union, which were clearly to "bring us back from the Reformed Church of 1559; to stop a little by the way in the refreshment room of 1547; and then to plunge us into the Use of Sarum;" and all the persuasive power of the Bishop of Winchester was needed to pour oil upon the troubled waters, and restore the usual decorum of the meeting. Sir Bartle Frere read a paper on the Extension of the Episcopate in India; and Father Ignatius made a fervent speech in his monk's costume on the necessity of building on the rock which is Christ. "If the Church of Rome does this," he concluded, "up with the Church of Rome. If the Church of England does it, up with the Church of England. If the Salvation Army does it, up with the Salvation Army."

THE MEETING OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION AT BRISTOL brought together on Tuesday more than 1,000 ministers. The opening address, on Christian unity, was delivered by Dr. Macfadyen in Broadmead Chapel. "No mechanical methods," he declared, "could express this unity," nor did it consist in simple "uniformity of belief." In the course of a discussion on middle-class education Mr. Carvell Williams expressed his regret that Mr. Gladstone had not remembered the claims of the Nonconformists when he filled up the last two vacancies in the Charity Commission. In the evening, in the Colston Hall, Professor Cave discussed "the necessity of a Free Church in a Free State."—At the Baptist Union, which closed its proceedings at Liverpool on Friday last, protests were made by several of those present against "imitating the arts of the stage and the gymnasium to attract the populace." "It would be an evil day," the speaker said, "if Christians were induced to adopt expedients so diametrically opposed to the method of Our Lord."

AT REGENT HALL, OXFORD STREET, Miss Booth gave a glowing account of the work of 300 Salvationists in unbelieving Paris—where Messrs. Moody and Sankey have also been preaching to audiences chiefly composed of Americans, in the American Chapel in the Rue de Berri. Tunstall Theatre has been acquired by the "General," at a cost of 2,000*l.*, and a three years' lease has been taken of Batty's Circus, Hanley, a well-known place of resort for the inhabitants of the Potteries. At Yeovil last Sunday there were renewed disturbances between the Skeleton and the Salvation Armies, though the police prevented an open conflict in the streets; and at Arbroath a "captain, lieutenant, and two private soldiers" have been sentenced—the former to thirty, the latter to fourteen days' imprisonment—for a breach of the peace and of the magistrates' proclamation against processions.—On Thursday the marriage of Mr. Bramwell Booth, "Chief of the Staff," and son of the "General," was to be solemnised in the Congress Hall, Clapton. The "General" himself was to perform the ceremony, and all the "staff officers" in London were to be present.

SELWYN COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, was formally opened on Tuesday, and the Rev. Arthur Temple Lyttelton, the Master-elect, was inducted by the Bishop of Ely, acting on behalf of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the presence of a distinguished gathering of Church and University dignitaries. The College has been opened in the first instance as a lodging-house for non-collegiate students, but application will soon be made for official connection with the University as a public hostel.

THE CANONRY OF BRISTOL CATHEDRAL, vacated by the death of Canon Reeve, has been conferred on Dr. Percival, President of Trinity College, Oxford, and formerly Head Master of Clifton College. Mr. W. Wallace, of Merton, a well-known Hegelian, has been appointed Whyte Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford. Lord Salisbury, as Chancellor of the University, has nominated Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, Vice-Chancellor, in his turn, for the next four years. The appointment of Professor Jowett will coincide with the coming into operation of the new University Reform, in which the Professor has been the prime mover.

COMETS

THE splendid comet which has adorned the south-eastern sky for some weeks this autumn, though by no means equal in brightness to the memorable comet of 1858 (Donati's), is yet much the grandest comet which has been seen since that date. And the interest naturally excited by it is increased by the question which has been discussed, whether it is to be regarded as a return of the comet of 1843 and of 1880, and if so, what may be the consequences to our sun and to the earth when the comet takes its final plunge into the great central furnace? One thing is made very plain by recent discussions on comets—how very little the most advanced science can tell with certainty about comets. There is no class of bodies visible to us in the heavens of which we know so little. How came they into existence? What is the nucleus? Where do the greater part of them come from when they visit our system? and whither do they return? And above all, What is the tail, and how can it be explained? These and many other questions can only be answered by saying that the whole matter is involved in the deepest mystery. We do not require to confess such absolute failure with regard to any other class of the heavenly bodies. In the hypothesis that the sun and the planets, with their satellites, were once widely-diffused heated vapour, which gradually contracted and cooled down, the smaller bodies first, then the larger, and after an almost immeasurable interval the sun himself, we have a theory sufficiently probable to account fairly for all the known facts. We can even go to the fixed stars, and by the aid of spectrum analysis demonstrate that their origin could not be greatly different from that of our solar system; but no theory ever formed has sufficiently accounted for the existence of comets, because no optical instrument can tell us their composition.

Even spectrum analysis, triumphant almost everywhere else, must here confess defeat. The results of the most careful examination of the spectra of comets have been hitherto principally negative. The lines found are not those of any known earthly substance; or, at best, they are like the spectrum of carbon, as seen when the spark from an induction coil is taken through olefant gas. It may be that the comparatively poor results of the application of spectrum analysis to comets is due to the fact that no comet of surpassing splendour has presented itself from 1858 till now—that is, none since the meaning of the lines in the spectrum came to be understood; but still, between those dates, sufficiently bright comets have from time to time presented themselves for examination if spectrum analysis had any report to give.

One thing about comets is very manifest, that by far the greater part of them are visitors to our solar system. They had their origin beyond it, and, having once appeared in the neighbourhood of our sun, they pass away, never again to return.

Reckoning those which are only visible as telescopic objects, as well as those which appear to the naked eye, it is certain that those seen since the beginning of this century must be reckoned by thousands, and yet of these not more than thirty at the utmost are known to move in paths which will ever lead them back again to our sun.

The others must have come across the vast void which separates us from the other stars, and leaving us, they depart to be attracted, perhaps, after a countless number of years have passed, by some other sun or nebula, and for a time appears as an attendant upon that system.

It may be that some of the comets which within recent years have visited our solar system may have circled round Sirius or Orion, or, after their visit to us has concluded, may next appear at the Pole Star. Comets are in popular language usually spoken of as consisting of a head or nucleus and a tail, and this language, though it may be accepted as a generally fair descriptive statement, becomes at once misleading when it assumes to be scientifically true. It might be interesting to trace the steps by which the tail of the comet attained its name. Probably because by the multitude, comets, if observed at all, are seen in the evening, and then the tail follows the nucleus, being seen after the head has disappeared beneath the horizon; but a comet seen in the morning, before sunrise—as, for example, the comet of this autumn—always appears tail first, and therefore would not give the idea of an appendage following the main body. While the whole comet is mysterious, there is less of mystery connected with the head than with the tail. Some few facts are certainly known about the head. Thus we know that it is ponderable matter, for it obeys the laws of gravitation. When a comet is discovered, a very few observations suffice

to determine its elements, and it can be known weeks beforehand with unerring certainty when it will make its nearest approach to the sun. But having said this, that it is matter which can be weighed, we have nearly exhausted all we know of the head of a comet. Of what does that matter consist? Is it of the nature of aerolites? Are they many small masses of matter, like bricks, perhaps, maintaining a certain relation to each other, or is the nucleus one solid piece? It is quite impossible to say that either is the true scientific statement. Only this we know, that the nucleus, though it can be weighed, and is therefore so far solid matter, must yet be very light; for while the influence upon the head of a comet of such comparatively small bodies as the moons of Jupiter can be distinctly traced, there is not the slightest indication of any influence which they are able to exert in return in deflecting the smallest planet from its course.

When, therefore, the probabilities of a collision between the head of a comet and a planet are contemplated, it must be admitted that in all likelihood the comet would have the worst of the encounter; yet, at the same time, the result of a shower of flaming pieces of matter, of the consistence of brick, entering our atmosphere, may be regarded rather with feelings of alarm than of curiosity.

But if only a little is known concerning the nucleus of comets, that little seems much, when we contrast it with the almost absolute ignorance concerning the tail.

Every attempt made hitherto to solve the mystery of the tail or tails of a comet—for sometimes they must be spoken of in the plural—has only resulted in a new confession of failure and ignorance. That the tail depends for its existence in some way on the nucleus of the comet and on the sun is really all we know.

That the tail is never without the nucleus, nor, again, without the solar action, is certain; but when we attempt to ascertain the existence and the direction of the tail, in accordance with the known laws of matter, we are met by difficulties which seem to increase every step we advance, and soon become utterly insoluble.

The tail has been called a negative shadow, a shadow consisting of light instead of darkness, and to this extent that description holds good, that the tail is always directed away from the sun. Yet it is not as light would be, shining through the nucleus of the comet, and falling behind it, for the tail is usually more or less curved, and in the case of a comet with more tails than one, streaming out in different directions. What are we to make of the shadow of light?

If the tail is cast out from the head of the comet, by the action of the sun upon the nucleus, it is not easy to imagine how particles of matter having such extreme tenacity can be diffused so as to make such an imposing appearance at the distance of over a hundred million of miles, for it is seldom that we see a comet at any nearer point; and how the nucleus, which we have seen to be at best but a very small body, can endure to cast off so much of its substance, and yet not dissipate itself and disappear, are questions which science cannot answer.

Of all possible explanations of the tails of comets that which regards them as in some way akin to electrical phenomena seems every way the most probable. The shapes which the Aurora Borealis assumes, though momentary and fitful, are really the nearest resemblances presented to us in nature of the tail of the comet. Now we know that the Aurora is very closely connected on the one hand with solar activity, and on the other with electric disturbance on the earth. May it not, then, be that the electric activity of the sun, which we know to be very great, stirs into activity the electricity of the comet, and produces those appearances, which are grander and more enduring than those of the Aurora, because on a greater scale?

It only remains to add a word or two with respect to the supposed connection between comets and the weather. It is quite possible that the near approach of a large comet to the sun, by stirring up solar activity, may add to the amount of heat emitted, and it is certain that years such as 1811 and 1858, in which great comets appeared, were warm years, but it is not certain that the greater heat was due in any way to the appearance of the comet. If, for instance, Donati's Comet is to get the credit of the warm summer of 1858, to what is the greater warmth of 1859 to be attributed when there was no great comet in sight? On the whole, then, we must conclude that there is no evidence sufficient to prove any relation whatever between comets and the weather.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL

CANON FARRAR'S "EARLY DAYS OF CHRISTIANITY"

CANON FARRAR'S great work, of which his "Life of Christ" was the beginning, and which, three years ago, was carried a stage further in his "St. Paul," is now finished. These two volumes do for the Catholic Epistles, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Book of Revelation, and their respective authors, what those which immediately preceded them did for the life and writings of the great Apostle of the Gentiles; and they are stamped with the same candour and caution, breadth of view, and soberness of judgment which are found in everything that Canon Farrar publishes.

Written for the general reader as well as for the scholar, these volumes keep rather out of sight the array of authorities with which some, especially of the more advanced critics, delight to make their pages bristle. Only those who have themselves studied the matter can form any idea of the range and thoroughness of the learning of which the concentrated results are so easy to understand and so pleasant to read. Canon Farrar goes into the minutest details; he has studied the very latest critics; as in his "Life of Christ" he neglected nothing which could help to set forth the living reality of the scenes described, so here he works in everything which by any possibility can aid the reader in grasping each Epistle as a whole, and in forming a true notion of the state of the Early Church, so far as we can know anything about it.

Of that early Church we are glad that he mostly leaves his reader to form his own notion from the facts set before him. M. Renan, his debt to whom Canon Farrar would be the last to deny, has been very unfairly styled a religious romance writer; his weakness, however, is that he does just what the Canon leaves undone. Inside a slender scaffolding of facts he often builds up a finished structure which from the nature of the case must be more or less unsubstantial. Canon Farrar in these volumes deals more with men than with matters of Church government, more with books than with men. He freely confesses how very little is known of the early days which follow the close of St. Luke's narrative; at the same time he proves how much may be learned as to these early days from a right study of the Epistles.

His critical method, if it is to be accepted as that of any considerable section of the Anglican Church, leads us to take a very hopeful view of the future of that Church in relation to what is called modern thought. He is no irresolute defender, who, giving up point after point, shows that he will consent to be beaten along the whole line. He clearly sees what is tenable and what is not; and he carefully points out that what he does give up ought never to have been included in the defence. To have attempted to hold it was weakening, and the fortress is all the stronger for the loss of an untenable outpost which formed no part of the true lines. On the other hand, what he does hold he holds firmly. Nothing can surpass the quiet scorn with which he treats the attempt to undermine the authenticity of St. John's Gospel and Epistles, and to put forward a "nebulous presbyter John" on the faith of Eusebius's comment on Papias. In the same

* "Early Days of Christianity." By Canon Farrar (Cassell and Co.)

way nothing could be more confident than the earnestness with which in his "St. Paul" he asserted the authenticity of the later Pauline Epistles. Full of sympathy with honest doubt, he has none for that "intemperance of negation which builds massive systems on pillars of smoke," with results which he rightly characterises as "monstrous." We are glad that one whom some look upon as the abettor of all that is unorthodox should speak thus strongly against the "credulous spirit of innovation" which is too often mistaken for critical power.

It is invidious to pick and choose where all is so good; but the chapters on St. Peter strike us as being even more happy than the rest of the work. For a piece of careful reasoning we commend the analysis of St. Peter's character based on the style and matter of his First Epistle. For a sample of temperate judicial calmness we would instance the masterly discussion on the authenticity of the second Epistle. Not the least valuable part of this discussion are the strictures on Dr. Wordsworth's dangerous dogma that "if the second Epistle is not the Apostle's own work it is the shameless forgery of a cunningly fraudulent impostor; and then, with reverence be it spoken, Christ's promise to His Church has failed." As Canon Farrar well says, to talk thus is "to confound eternal truths with uncertain details." No one, we may add, who has learnt from Hesiod how much more the whole is than the half could thus stake on a doubtful Epistle the truth of our religion. The case of this Second Epistle is specially interesting because of some close resemblances to Josephus pointed out by Dr. Abbott in the *Expositor* of last January.

We can only glance at what to many will be the most attractive part of the work—the striking picture of Roman society under Nero, a *replika*, in some sort, of the author's "Witness to Christ in History;" the lucid passage on the Number 666 in connection with Jewish *gematria*; the description of the glories of Alexandria, as interesting to the general reader as the summary of points of difference between the Septuagint and the Hebrew text is to the student; the pregnant remarks on the idealism of St. John, and on the strange falling-off from apostolic good sense which marks even the Epistles of Barnabas and of the Roman Clement.

Everybody knows Canon Farrar's peculiarity of style; it is the weakness of the day. He luxuriates in grandiose epithets. Here and there he verges on *Daily Telegraphese*. Yet, withal, he has plenty of humour, and the knack of saying the right thing tersely and incisively. It is rather hard on the Frenchman to call Nero "that Collet d'Herbois on an Imperial throne;" but "Vespasian, that worthy *bourgeois*," is perfect. So is the comparison of Locusta to Mrs. Turner, and of Agrippina in her loneliness to the bad Countess of Somerset in James I.'s time. The history of Apocalyptic interpretation gives plenty of scope for this humour, as, for instance, when they are glanced at who see in the Revelation a prophecy of "the rise of Tractarianism;" and when Bullinger's explanation of the hosts of demon-locusts (which may, in Eastern hyperbole, have some reference to the current belief that Nero *redivivus* was to be brought back by a whirlwind of Parthian horse), as typifying the monks and Bellarmine's identification of these same locusts with the Protestants are both dismissed with the sarcastic protest: "and this is exegesis!" We need scarcely say that in regard to the Apocalypse Canon Farrar is a preterist. Volkmar and after him Renan, thoroughly proved that the Beast can be no other than Nero, who was "to come" because of the persistent assurance that he had escaped to the East, and also because he did come again in the person of Domitian. Of course, he does not go along with those who hold the breach between Paulines and Johannites to have been so wide that St. Paul is meant by the False Prophet who preaches submission to the Beast.

Our task is done most inadequately. We need not refer our readers to the work itself. They are sure to get hold of it; already (and no wonder) a second edition has been called for before the first has passed into the hands of the general public. We hope the dedication to Mr. Browning, "author of 'A Death in the Desert,'" will induce those who are ignorant of it to read that grand poem, and also examine the protest against one very repulsive form of popular Christianity which the same poet makes in his "Caliban on Setebos."

H. S. F.



THE last Shakesperian revival at the LYCEUM, *Much Ado About Nothing*, has been looked forward to with especial interest for some time past, especially as this play has hitherto not been a favourite with managers, and has been rarely performed in London during the memory of the present generation. Reserving further criticism until next week, a few brief remarks will suffice here. The play, in accordance with Mr. Irving's invariable custom, is most brilliantly and lavishly mounted, every detail of scenery, dress, and decoration far excelling anything formerly seen when this comedy has been played. The scene in the church, for example, during the interrupted wedding ceremony, will rank as one of the Lyceum manager's happiest efforts in the way of elaborate and realistic detail. But setting the decorative element entirely aside, the acting may throughout be considered as entirely satisfactory. The audience instinctively felt before Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry had been many minutes on the stage that they were far better suited for such characters as Benedick and Beatrice than for the youthful and hapless lovers of Verona. Mr. Terriss was excellent as the Prince of Arragon, Don Pedro, and was capably supported by Messrs. Fernandez and Howe, as the representatives of the two old gentlemen, Leonato and Antonio. Claudio does not strike us, whatever the dramatist intended, as a very noble-hearted gentleman, but he found an admirable exponent in Mr. Forbes Robertson. Mr. Mead's distinct elocution was very grateful in the character of Friar Francis, Miss Milward was sweet and pathetic as Hero, while Mr. S. Johnson excited peals of laughter by his impersonation of that immortal sixteenth-century "bobby," Dogberry, who insisted on being written down an ass. In brief Mr. Irving and his company have scored another Shakesperian success.

The title of Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy, *The Overland Route*, no less than the allusions in its dialogue to a sojourn *en route* at "Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo," carries us back at once to a period when M. de Lesseps's world-famous enterprise was as yet unheard of, and the name of Lieutenant Waghorn, and his exertions in the way of economising time in the conveyance of the mails between London and Bombay, were familiar in the mouths of all Anglo-Indians. Twenty-two years, in fact, have elapsed since this comedy was first produced on the stage of the Haymarket Theatre, where, thanks to some intrinsic merits, but also in considerable degree to the acting of Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Compton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, and other popular performers, it achieved what was considered in those times a prolonged success. It is with a revival of this comedy that Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have reopened the Haymarket for the winter season, having for the occasion reinforced their company by the engagement of Mrs. John Wood and Mr. David James. The reasons for this determination are not difficult to understand. M. Sardou is not ready just now with a new play of French manners, to be converted into a new play of English manners; and, failing this, there was a certain fitness in the notion

(Continued on page 398.)

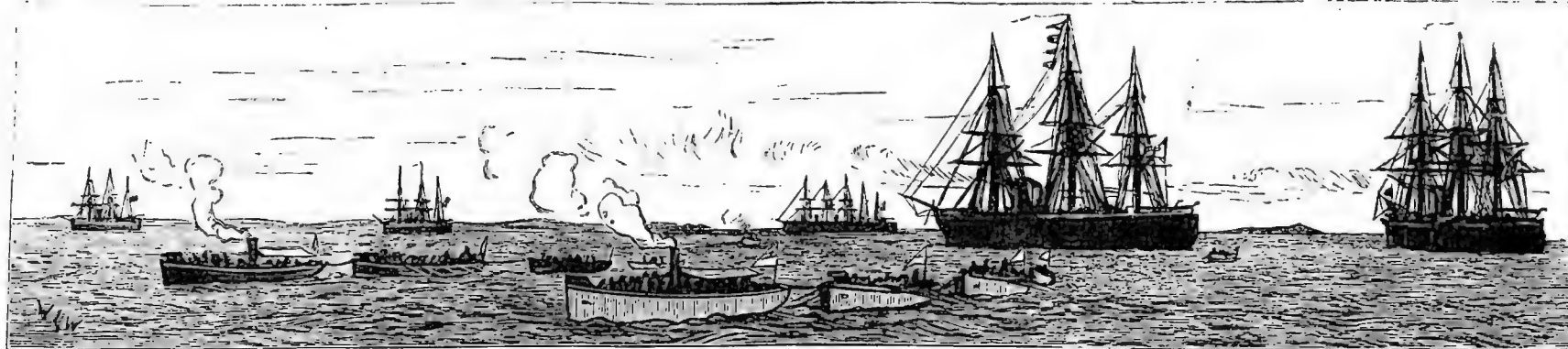
"Condor"

"Falcon"

Borg Fort Admiral Dowell in Steam Pinnace "Minotaur"

"Achilles"

"Sultan"



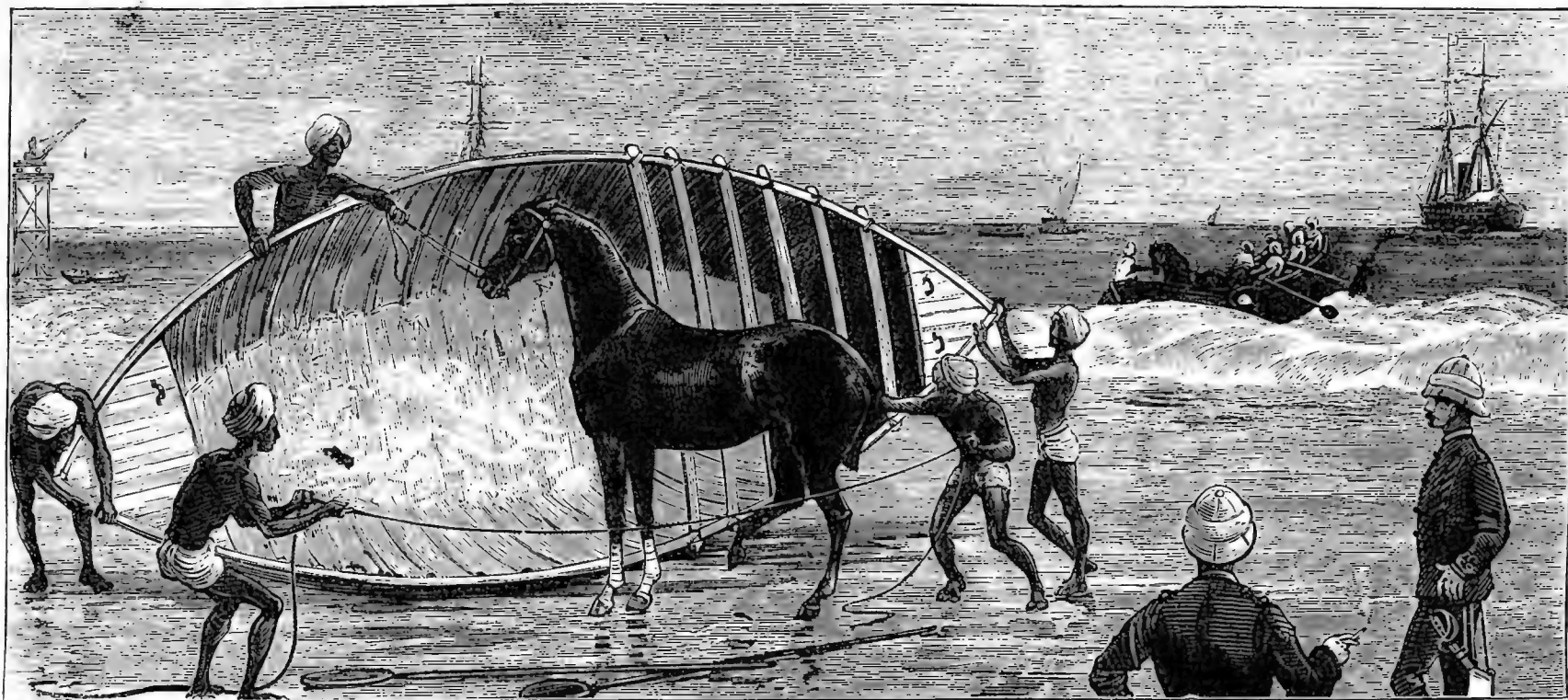
"Achilles" Boats

"Sultan's" Boats

Capt. Hunt Grubb

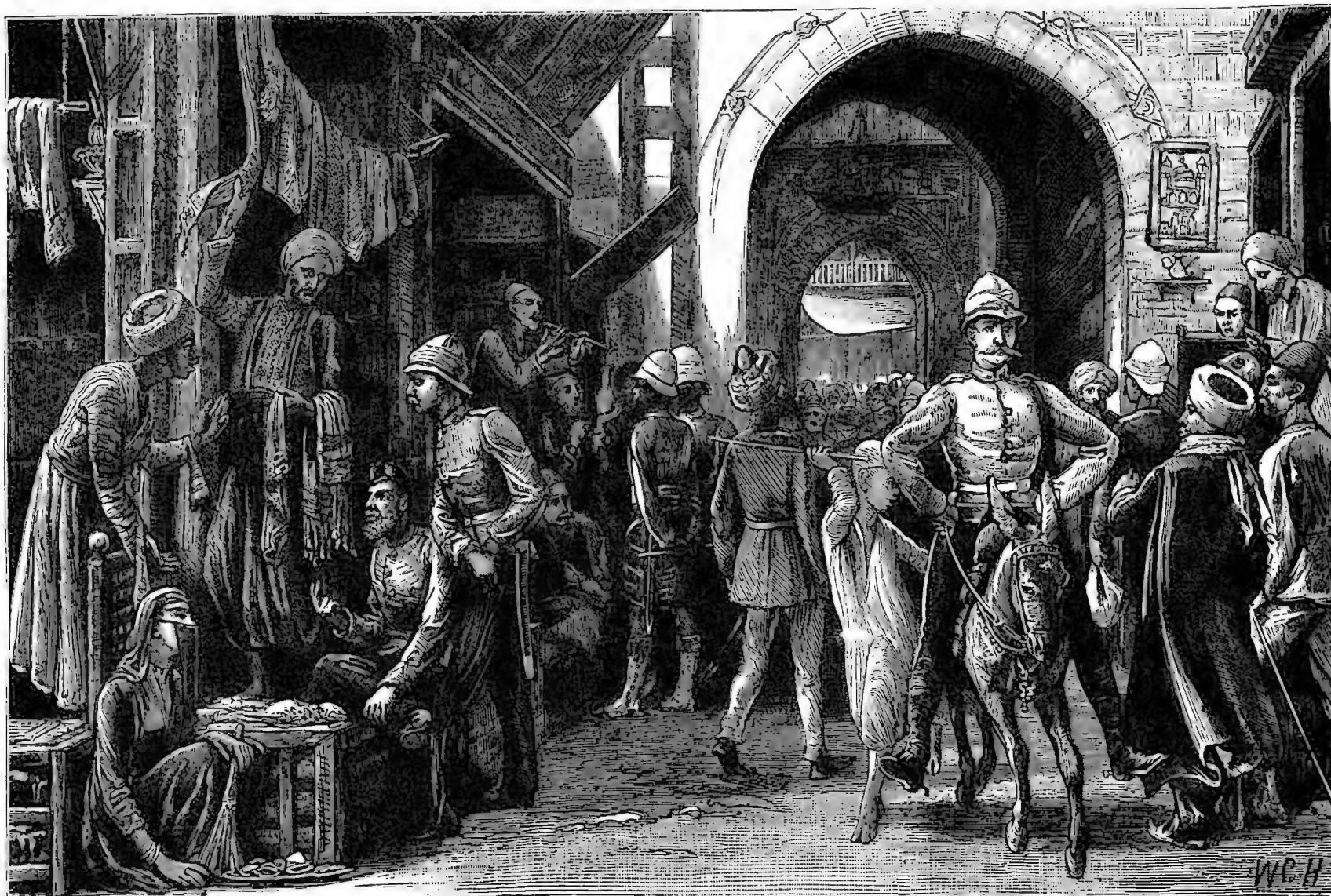
BOATS OF H.M.S. "ACHILLES" AND H.M.S. "SULTAN" LANDING TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE ABOUKIR FORTS, SEPTEMBER 19

From a Sketch by a Naval Officer



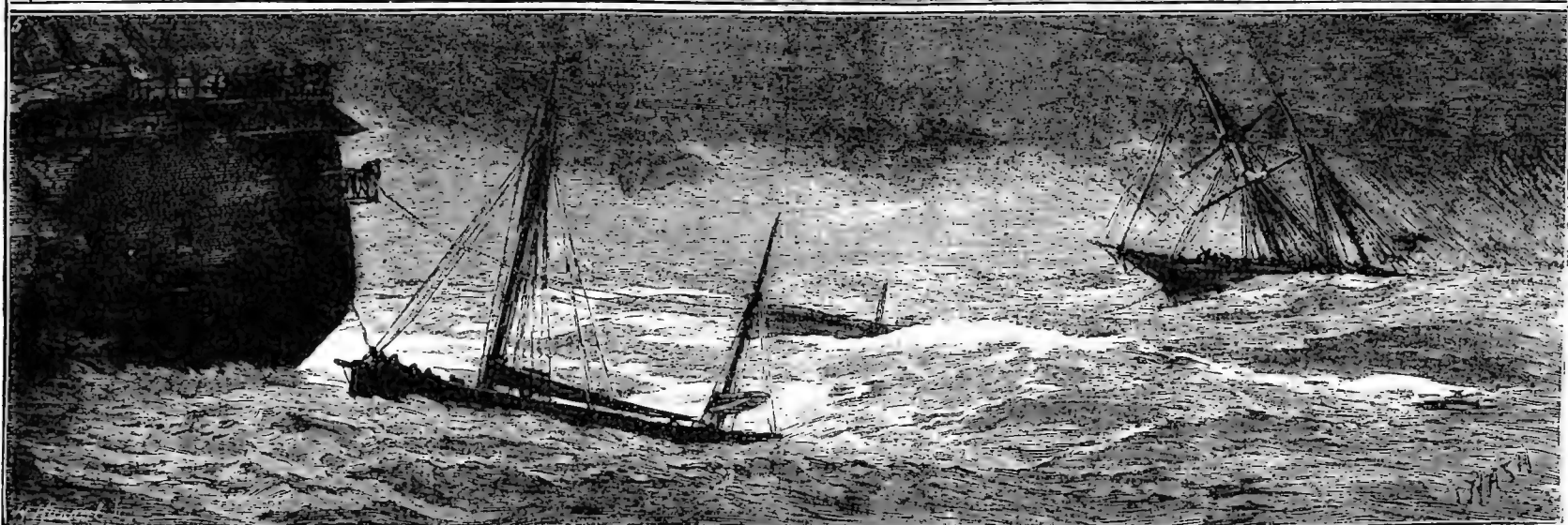
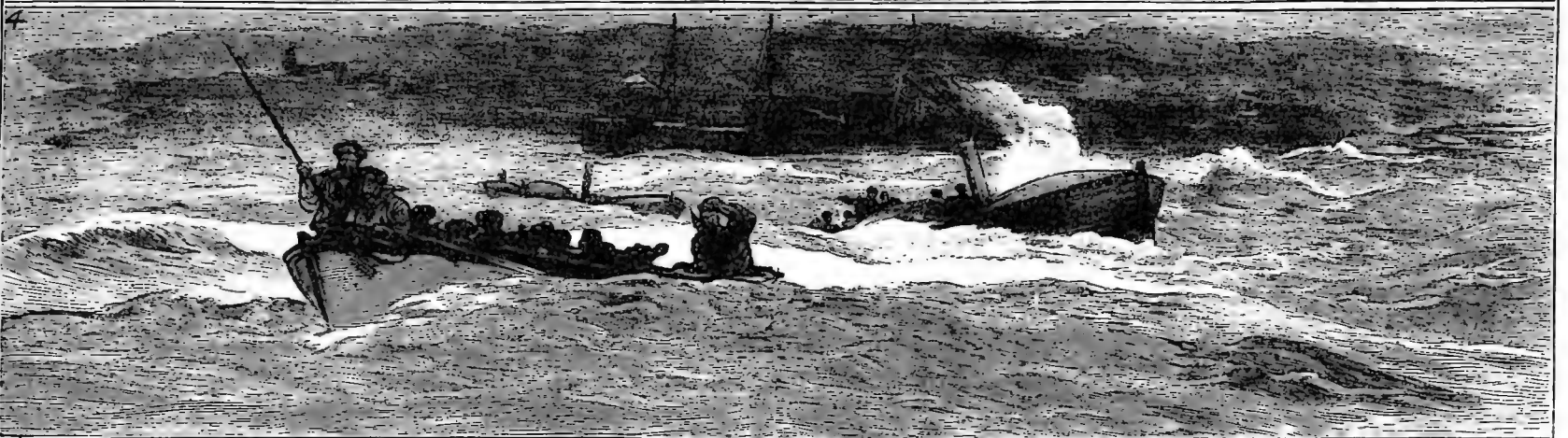
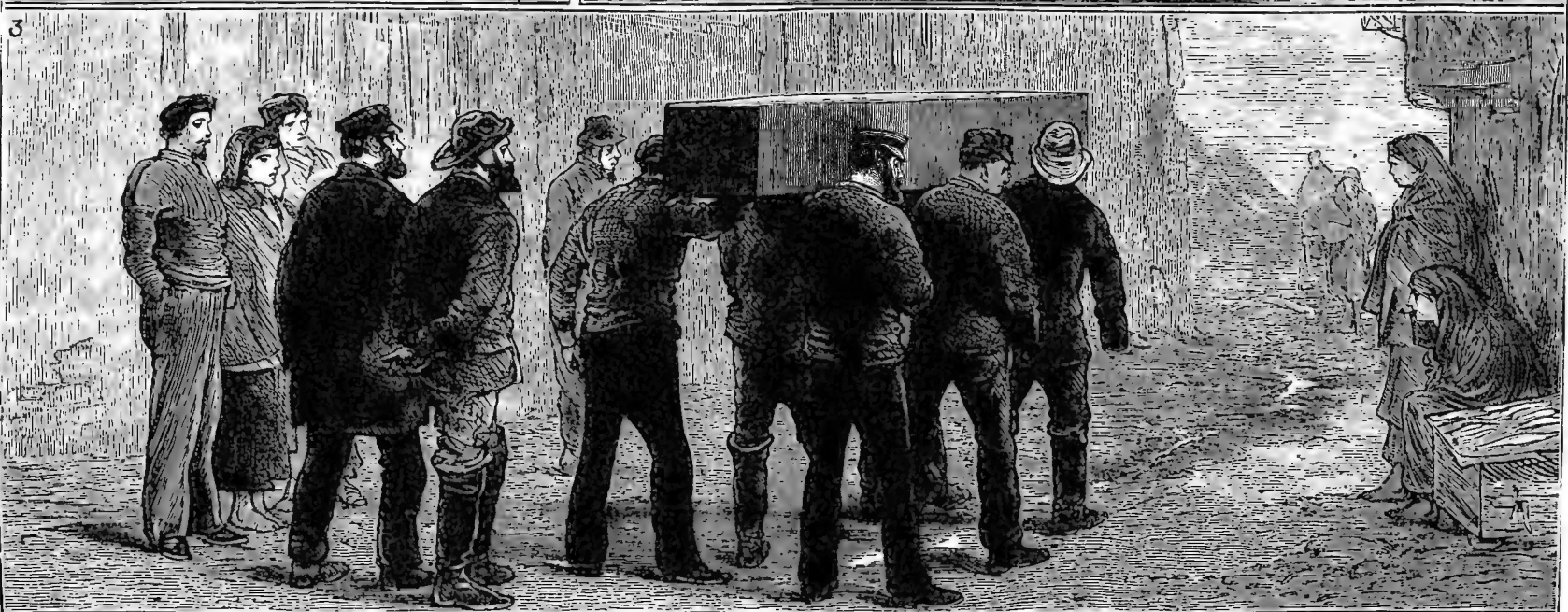
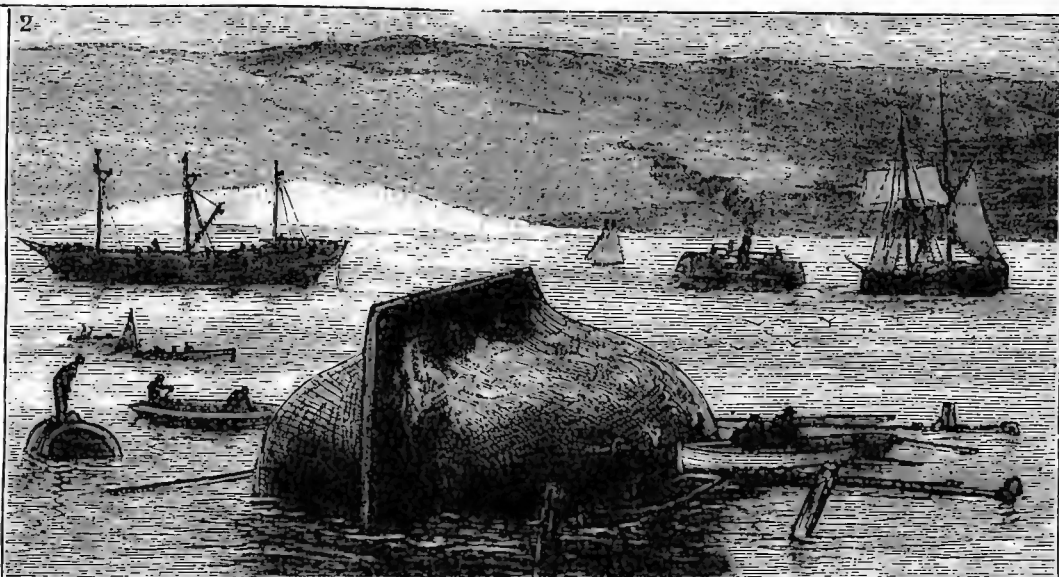
WITH THE INDIAN CONTINGENT—EMBARKING OFFICERS' CHARGERS AT MADRAS

From a Sketch by a Military Officer



BRITISH SOLDIERS SHOPPING AT CAIRO

THE WAR IN EGYPT



1. Watching—Ward Room of H.M. Training Ship "Boscawen: "I Give Her Twenty"—"I Give Her Ten."—2. "After the Gale:" Derelicts.—3. Sequel: Funeral of a Merchant Seaman.—4. Helping the Helpers.—5. "In Time" and "Too Late."

NOTES DURING A SOUTH COAST GALE

NOTE.—The Drawing for the Engraving which was intended to form the Illustration to this week's portion of Mr. Payn's Serial Story, and of which on the opposite page we show a small sketch, was accidentally left on the seat of a railway carriage by one of our messengers who was returning from the Artist. Although our address was legibly inscribed on the parcel in question, and a reward for its production was immediately offered, the drawing has never come to hand. We shall be glad, therefore, of any information which may lead to its recovery.

Kit—A Memory.

(Continued from page 358)

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SPECULATION

It was nothing that, out of the three young men with whose fortunes we are concerned, two of them should have loved not wisely, for such mistakes are common enough. What was strange about it was the immense difference between their respective errors, and the consequences of them. Lydia Finch had disappeared from Mark's horizon as completely as though she had been swallowed up by a quicksand; but no one but himself knew how much had gone with her. To a man of his temperament a week was sufficient in which to fall over head and ears in love, but a lifetime did not suffice to dry him. His studies had been grave from boyhood; he had never dropped into that classical literature which turns more young gentlemen's minds into an amatory direction than the grave advocates of our public-school system have any idea of; and he had been brought up in seclusion, out of the way of the temptation of bright eyes and pretty faces. Trenna, indeed, was lovely, but he had always looked upon her as on a sister, a feeling which she had encouraged and reciprocated. He knew little more of the other sex than the young monk in the Levant, to whom the picture of a female saint in his refectory stood for all womankind. Mark had found out that women and female saints were not identical; and the discovery had been terrible to him, for he had been a devotee. Under such circumstances, meaner and more egotistic natures are wont to turn sceptics altogether; but Mark, who had in his sister a living proof of the union of purity with female youth and beauty, lost not a tittle of his belief in it, but only meekly acknowledged to himself that he was no judge of such things, and had better confine himself in future to Borlase, and affairs that had stood the test of a century or two.

Frank Meade had loved not wisely also, but not "too well." He had not fallen down at the feet of his goddess in an ecstasy, but only in moderate admiration; and, on perceiving they were of clay, had got up again not much the worse for the experience. Indeed, I doubt whether he had ever been seriously in love with Trenna Garston at all. He had had a *penchant* for her, no doubt, and opportunity, as we know, had well-nigh hurried him into a declaration; but though his affections had almost literally been knocked on the head—so sudden and violent had been the blow that had fallen on them—they were really not much hurt, and at all events remained quite serviceable for another object. On the other hand his sometime enslaver was not "lost to sight," and he still entertained the tenderest interest and compassion for her; but they never spoke together when alone, carefully shunned all possible chance of such companionship, and found it difficult to keep up a show of the old familiarity before others. Mrs. Medway had even taken Trenna to task in Frank's presence for not joining with the rest in their congratulations upon his prospects of professional success in London, or even upon his return.

"Mr. Meade knows what I feel about them and him," Trenna had answered quietly, "and does not need the assurance of my good will."

"Indeed, I am well persuaded that I am in possession of it," was Frank's reply. And both statements were strictly accurate. The stiffness with which they were delivered, however, could hardly escape feminine notice; Mrs. Medway's conviction was that Frank and Trenna were in love with one another, but had some reason of their own, not difficult to guess (for Kit's disinclination for the match could be predicated) for concealing the matter for the present, while Maud, whose own heart supplied her with better information on that point, thought she detected some private quarrel.

As for Maud herself, she had grown more quiet and grave than she had wont to be, and avoided Kit's society—unless in company with others—almost as much as Trenna did that of Frank. Strange to say Kit was far from resenting this; nay, it even pleased him, for he thought he saw in it the old mistrust of her powers to resist him. He was the last man in the world to entertain a feeling of jealousy, for, truth to say, as regarded the other sex, he thought himself well nigh irresistible. At the same time, without the means of livelihood, or even a profession by which to obtain it, he felt that any open declaration of love for Maud would meet with serious obstacles from quarters independent of the fair one herself. But though he bided his time, he was not idle. If the Mogadion postmistress found a falling-off in that hail of correspondence between Mr. Mark Medway and those advertising tutors who certainly were not writing masters, and whose calligraphies were so much alike, she discovered a great increase in the letters for Mr. Christopher Garston. The addresses were anything but feminine in style, and their postmarks were mostly "London, E.C." Even in Christmas week they knew no cessation, and it was noticed at the Knoll that Kit did not throw himself into the festivities of that season as of yore, nor make it the pretext for the exhibition of those high spirits of his which up till now had never failed him. Even now, indeed, there were life and wit in him for two men, which by contrast with Mark's depression and Frank's modest gravity shone brightly enough; but he could no longer with fairness be twitted by the title Mr. Penryn had once given him, from no very good will (on the occasion of his upsetting with roars of laughter some theory of the Rector's upon Monoliths), of "our tumultuous young friend."

At the Grey House Christmas was held in no especial respect of any sort, yet there were necessarily holidays which had the effect, as Kit expressed it, of "letting his father loose," so that there was even more grumbling and snapping than usual; to escape which Trenna and he often fled to the Knoll. On Christmas Eve there was quite a large party there, including Frank and his father and the Rector; nay, even Mr. Garston the elder had been bidden to the feast. He had not been to the house since that terrible day when he had come to investigate poor Lucy's five-pound note, and Mrs. Medway had written him quite a touching letter, alluding to the sacred season, and expressing a wish that by-gones might be by-gones between them; to which he had not even had the courtesy to make reply.

"I am very sorry for it," was the Doctor's professional observation; "for what with your Christmas fare and that old fellow's bilious company, you would certainly have all had indigestion."

"As no material advantage of that sort would have accrued to me," said the Rector, "I must be excused for saying that I shall endeavour to survive the disappointment. I have a great respect

for the ancient Egyptians, but their custom of having skeletons and skulls at supper I have never approved of; give me a boned turkey and a boar's head."

"The very things you are going to have," said Mrs. Medway, laughing, for the latter dainty, as it happened, had arrived from Cambridge that morning, a present from Kit. Nor was holly wanting to the walls, nor to the ceiling mistletoe, concerning which Kit complained that being hung from the chandelier it was useless for practical purposes, since a sensitive individual like himself could hardly mount on the table to take advantage of it, however he might be tempted so to do by more audacious young persons of the opposite sex. A remark which the Rector inveighed against as little less than sacrilegious, considering the reverence due to mistletoe, and the qualities attributed to it by an ancient priesthood.

"We were talking of antiquities before supper," said Mr. Penryn when the ladies had withdrawn. "Antiquity, I understand, is about to be outraged in this neighbourhood by some enterprise in connection with Cook's Creek, a place that has not felt the shock of a pickaxe for these thousand years."

"I am not so sure about that," said the Doctor. "I think I remember my father speaking of some abortive attempt to work for tin there."

The Rector shook his head.

"My father was an older man than you are, Penryn."

"He must have been if he remembers the circumstance of which you speak, my good sir, for it took place in the time of the Phœnicians. What strikes me as very remarkable is that there is no mention of them in the account of this new speculation; I never saw the prospectus of a Cornish mine before without a reference to the Phœnicians. I am almost inclined to think from that that there must be something in it."

"In the mine?" ejaculated the Doctor contemptuously.

"Of course not; I mean in the enterprise. Some clever fellow must be behind it pulling the wires. One of his puppets is no less a person than Captain Cook. 'Cook's Creek,' says the prospectus, 'so called after the voyager with whose distinguished name the locality is inseparably connected.'"

"Good heavens," exclaimed the Doctor, laughing, "is that really in print?"

"Certainly. Here it is in my London paper of yesterday," and he produced the journal in question. "That is one of the great wonders of the metropolitan press, that it not only acquaints you with all that takes place at the Antipodes, but opens your eyes to the most interesting matters that lie undreamt-of, or unattended to, at your very doors. So far, for example, from knowing that this neighbourhood was hallowed by association with Captain Cook, I had always thought he was a Yorkshireman."

"So he was," answered the Doctor, "nor do I believe that even his passion for discovery ever led him to that out-of-the-way and stony spot which bears his name. It always reminds me of the place where somebody stuck up on a board, 'The end of the world; still unfinished.'"

"Cook's Creek," observed Mark, with the mechanical confidence of a guide who is addressing a party of excursionists, "is so called from a shipbuilder of the same name, who in the beginning of the last century, constructed a vessel in that locality too big to get out of it."

"And which, like the First Lord of the Admiralty in the play," laughed Kit, "never went to sea. 'There go the ships,' the neighbours used to say of it, 'and there is that Leviathan.'"

"That is not in my history," said Mark. "I have carefully avoided hearsay. But it is quite true that the ship was broken up, and the timbers sold for other purposes."

"What Mr. Penryn tells us," remarked Frank, "explains what has put old Grueby into such good temper. He told us yesterday with a smile—which is a thing one as little expects to see on him as a tiara—that he had sold his land to a London company. I thought it was for building purposes, but since it includes Cook's Creek, I have no doubt it is to work this mine."

"But perhaps there is tin there," observed Mark, always ready to say a good word for his beloved county. "The Phœnicians—"

"No, no," cried the Rector vehemently, "spare us the Phœnicians, Mark. Even the London company has stopped short of the Phœnicians."

"Not another word," chimed in the Doctor, "about those hateful people, who are to my old age what the Greeks were to my childhood. It is as difficult to keep them out of the talk of a Cornishman as ventilators out of that of your sanitarian."

The Doctor had a very pretty contempt for those devotees of Hygeia who ascribe fever to a bit of flue, and under pretence of a bracing atmosphere pierce your house in all directions till it becomes a mere cullender full of draughts.

Mark laughed good-humouredly, and promised not to irritate the public with the Phœnicians until his book came out.

"Quite right, Mark; then you won't annoy many people," said the doctor slyly.

"The least unhappiness to the fewest number should be our aim in life," observed Kit with gravity.

This may seem rather rough on Mark, in whose eyes this *magnum opus* of a County History of his loomed larger (*vice* Miss Lydia Finch superseded) than ever; but it was not really so. He knew these satirists were his well-wishers, and that the friendship in which love and good-will cannot take the shape of railery is hardly worthy of the name.

"Do you know who is the purchaser of this Golconda?" inquired the Rector of Frank Meade.

"Some Londoner: Martin, I think old Grueby called him. He pointed him out to me in the street the other day, and told me he was staying at the Crown."

"Did he look *bona fide*? I mean like a swindler, or the other thing?" inquired the Doctor.

"Well, really, sir, I didn't notice much about him, except that he had a fur collar to his coat."

"And a very good index too," cried the Rector; "he is evidently a capitalist."

In the general laugh that succeeded this modest sally Mark Medway alone took no share.

"A fur collar to his coat, you say, Frank? Well, then, I saw him yesterday in Mogadion; and what is more, I am certain I have seen him before, though where and under what circumstances I cannot call to mind."

"But, my dear Mark, you have not been to so many places," urged Frank. "Do try and remember. It was not at Mogadion, of course; and, as to Cambridge, that is too recent an experience."

"No, no," interrupted Mark with his hand to his forehead; "it was somewhere a long while ago. Nor was he a mere chance acquaintance. At some time or other I feel confident I saw a good deal of him."

"Then it must have been when you were at school," suggested Frank.

"To be sure. I have it," exclaimed Mark. "It was one of our ushers—you remember him Kit,—old Brabazon."

"It may have been like him," returned Kit, "but it can hardly be the man himself; indeed, it's out of the question for this gentleman's name, it seems, is Martin."

"Perhaps he has changed his name for money," observed the Rector. "Remember his fur collar."

"I am afraid poor old Brabazon is scarcely likely to have come in for property that way," returned Kit, laughing.

"I really think it was Brabazon," persisted Mark.

"Well, as he's staying at the Crown, my dear fellow, you have only to look in there after church to-morrow to make sure."

And Mark did look in; but, as it happened, Mr. Martin had left Mogadion for London rather unexpectedly that very morning.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CAST OUT

It is commonly complained, though by those perhaps who prefer form and dogma to spirit, that Christianity is losing its hold in England; there is one verse in Sacred Writ, however, which certainly has a wider acceptance among us than ever; the one in which formalists are contemptuously spoken of. "I am ashamed of you; ye observe days and months and times and years." The observation of these things in London at least unquestionably grows faint. Of late years for example there has been, to use a phrase less sacred than profane, a "dead set" against them. Family gatherings at that season are now in disfavour: it is urged that so far from causing reconciliation they exacerbate the feelings; that the forgiveness of injuries is not expedited by the meeting with those who have offended us, but the reverse; that at the best, the gathering together of heterogeneous social elements only bound by the tie of relationship tends to boredom. But in the country, and especially in the more out-of-the-way parts of it the old order has not changed.

In Mogadion, for example, Christmastide was still kept in the ancient fashion. Old enemies shook hands together as they met in the street, and wished one another, with the lips at all events, a merry Christmas; mere acquaintances interchanged "the compliments of the season;" families congregated together; and even cousins, for one day at least, found themselves not so far "removed" as usual. Everybody dined early and well, and until indigestion supervened in consequence, the most incongruous natures kept their tempers with one another. "Friendships made in wine" were renewed, and enmities were drowned in it.

It was not so, however, at the Grey House. Christmas, as we have said, was not treated there with much respect; it is probable that Gonzalez Guisarto himself (the founder of the house) had not "held with it," or had even objected to the forgiveness of injuries upon principle; and his descendant John Garston stuck, so far, to the family lines. His neighbours were wont to privately say of him that he was an unprincipled man, who believed in nothing. But in this they erred. Like many men who are so designated he did not prefer wrong to right, or say "Evil, be thou my good;" he was guided by no principles whatever, but solely by self interest; and he did believe most confidently in himself. Friendship was not "a dream" to him, for he had never dreamt of such a thing, and he only loved his own as some animals love theirs, who endure their offspring so long as they behave themselves to their liking, and rend and tear them when they offend them. He had a terrible temper, inherited perhaps from his forefathers, and nurtured and fomented in the heats of Spain; but circumstances had suppressed it. An attorney who flies in a passion at everything which crosses him can scarcely pursue his profession; and the necessity for concealing it had driven his temper home, as a cold strikes to the liver. A man dangerous to his fellow-creatures, but especially to those belonging to him, and to himself. His anger was not of the ruby red, which being kindled bursts into a flame and dies away; it burnt *within* at a white heat, and when the embers of the heart it thus consumed were cold they turned to Malice.

There is a notion in shallow minds that where self-interest is the mainspring of life, it has no other spring. It was the argument of those of our fellow-countrymen who were so base as to applaud the principle of Slavery in the American Civil War, that the cases of cruelty instanced by Mrs. Beecher Stowe and others, must needs be untrue, since, in the case of even the vilest of owners, they would be withheld from motives of self-interest from maiming and destroying what was their own property—the Slave. As though the last of cruelty can be restrained by the consideration of prudence more than any other lust, or as though man under the influence of vehement rage can suffer any future benefit to weigh for an instant against his full indulgence of it. It is true that when Mr. Garston was himself, he never lost sight of the main chance; but on this Christmas Day of which we speak he was not himself; a fact had come to his knowledge, for certain, that he had long suspected and brooded over, and it had changed his blood to flame, and his heart to steel.

When he came down to the breakfast-table in the morning, where Trenna awaited him, one glance at his bloodshot eyes and livid face was sufficient to tell her what had happened. If she had been a clairvoyant and could have seen the letter which he gripped in the pocket of his shooting-jacket, and read its contents, she could not have been better informed of the true state of the case. And he knew that she knew.

"Where is your brother?" he inquired, hoarsely, pointing to his vacant place.

"I do not know, father?"

"That is a lie."

She neither answered nor looked at him. A red spot on each of her cheeks alone betrayed that she had heard him. The dumb reproach moved him far more than words could have done, for words he would have repaid in kind, and with interest; but to keep silence in his turn, such was the frenzy of his mind, was impossible.

"You do know where your brother is gone, Trenna," he continued, in a tone that conveyed not so much a reiteration of the charge as an apologetic explanation of the language in which it had been couched; "and you knew that he was going before he went. His portmanteau was packed last night, and he made every preparation for departure with your assistance."

"I do not deny that, father."

"You must acknowledge, too, that you are cognisant of the reasons for his flight. You guessed that this morning the proofs would arrive of your brother's guilt, and that it rests with me either to wash my hands of him for ever, or to send him to gaol."

Trenna bowed her head; her fingers were playing with a teaspoon, while her mind was on the rack; yet, cruel as were the old man's words, they gave her comfort; there was still, it seemed, an alternative in her brother's fate, and there might have been none. Without being at all like Brutus, Mr. Garston was just the man to have sacrificed his own son to Justice; and had the thing been possible it is likely enough that on the spur of the moment he would have done so. But Kit, in accordance with that advice often given by his father to clients under similar circumstances, had for the present "withdrawn himself from the jurisdiction of the Court."

"How long is it, girl, continued the old man, sternly, "since you have known of your brother's infamy?"

She did not answer, but her eyes flashed fire, and twice she struck the table with her closed hand.

"Answer me. When did you know he had taken the notes?"

"From the very first."

"How was it arranged that suspicion should be averted from him to Abel Deeds?"

"I will tell you nothing, father, unless you promise that what I say shall be never used against him."

"You wish to shield him, do you?" The suppressed fury of the speaker's tone was terrible to listen to.

Trenna trembled in every limb, but she answered firmly, "I do."

"Let it be so. What you say shall not harm him. He will come to be hanged, but he shall spin his own rope. So much I promise you on condition that you tell me the whole truth, and on that

condition only. Were the Medways concerned in this conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice?"

It was curious how in the midst of his hate and rage he used the conventional terms to which he was accustomed.

"The Medways! Good Heavens Of course not."

"Pray pardon me for the suggestion," was the sneering reply. "When one's own flesh and blood turns thief it is apt to make one suspicious of the world in general. They played into your brother's hands in a marvellous way if it were mere accident. Why did they lie about the note?"

"They did not lie."

"Be so good as to explain the matter."

"We heard that you had missed the notes when we were at the Knoll. Kit ran upstairs and took the number of Lucy's note, which he knew to be in Maude's purse. When you gave me the list of the stolen notes I made a duplicate of it with one exception."

"You made it. You?"

"Yes, I. I put the number of Lucy's note in the second list, and read it to them. I knew it would not hurt Abel, they had too great a confidence in his honesty for that."

"I see; you only wished to act against your father."

"I did it to save his son."

"There was a long silence; the attorney stood with his back to the fire, frowning so heavily that his shaggy brows formed a penthouse over his fierce eyes. Trenna sat at the table slowly turning an empty plate."

"I am still in the dark," said the attorney. "I am not used to these thievish tricks, though I can see the cunning hand that played them. What was the object of all this?"

"To avert suspicion from Christopher, and to make the Medways Abel's partisans. When our object was accomplished—"

"His object! Why say yours?"

"Because it was mine also. When our object was accomplished I tore up the second list: as it happened, the numbers of the two notes differed only in a single figure, and it was easy to persuade the Medways that their eyes and ears had been deceived."

"And you dare to tell me this. You yourself being an accessory both before and after the act?"

"I tell you because you bade me tell you the truth. I did it, willingly, to save my brother. We knew that you would believe anything to the disadvantage of the Medways."

"I see; you made a study of your father's character, it seems; not altogether a complete one, perhaps. There may be something in it which you have left out of your calculations."

His tone had been harsh and sneering all along, but as he said these words it had a peculiar bitterness; as though his heart was gall indeed, and he spoke out of the abundance of it.

"Since I was wrong throughout in this matter," he continued after a pause, "and others were, like yourself, persuaded of it, though for very different reasons, how was it that the action commenced against me for slander on behalf of Abel Deeds was stopped?"

Here Trenna looked up for the first time, and in a tremulous

"If you have given him your money, father," she answered, pleadingly, "you never gave him your love."

"Pshaw! I gave him a home."

"A home? No, father, you never gave him that. This house has never been a home."

"And you dare to tell me that?"

"You told me to tell the truth just now; I am obeying your orders."

"Beware lest you disobey me in other things. I am not here to bandy words with you, or to waste time in discussing a Ne'er-do-well. Your brother is dead to me, and must be dead to mine." Once more he paused, then continued in a tone that was by contrast gentle and persuasive. "Trenna, I am a far wealthier man than you imagine me to be; not what is called by these English 'rich,' but what would be held to be so elsewhere. I possess enough to live upon in the country of my fathers by myself in luxury; with you, in comfort. Will you share my home there?"

"What? And leave my brother penniless?"

"He will be penniless at all events."

"Yes; but not friendless while I live."

"Perhaps not. You may starve together, of course, till he tires of you. You know how fit he is to bear adversity; with what honesty he resists temptation; how careful he is of those who have served his turn, and are no longer useful to him."

"If I do go, father, if I give Kit up," she answered, with a distressful moan, like some dumb animal in pain, "will you settle something on him, something he cannot spend, but which will keep him from want?"

"I will not give him a sixpence. Yes, I will," he added, savagely, "give him this five-pound note,"—here he flung it on the table—"if he attempts to change it he will go to Newgate; the number is stopped at the bank; not one sixpence in any other shape shall he have from me, so help me Heaven."

"Then may Heaven forgive you, father, for I never will."

"Tush; keep your heroics for the stage—you may have to take to that, or worse, to earn your victuals. Do you accept my offer or do you not? There is but one proviso. You are never to hold any communication with this reprobate by word or letter; never to breathe his name. On one side lies your duty, and as it happens your interest also; your father, and a life of comfort; on the other your brother, with beggary and shame. You will take your choice."

"I have already taken it, father; I will never desert Kit."

"Then that is settled. Do not trouble yourself to mention the word 'father' in future; it is one of those exceptional cases in which surplusage is an error. And now since this house—which has never been 'a home' it seems—cannot contain us both, you will be so good as to quit it at your earliest convenience; I will have your things sent after you to any address you may be pleased to leave with the servant. I will never see your face again."

He had left the room and closed the door with his last words. Trenna stood listening with white face while his footsteps died away on his way to the upper floor, alone, and in silence except for the Christmas bells which pealed without for church, "Peace and Goodwill to All Mankind."

(To be continued.)



Trenna stood listening with white face.

appealing voice cried, "Do not ask me that, father. Frank Meade gave you his reasons with his own lips; let that suffice."

"You said you would tell me the whole truth," he answered, sternly.

"Yes; all that had to do with Kit. This has nothing to do with him. I beseech you to spare me."

"I see; it is a girl's secret," he replied with a sneer; "you lied to this young man as you have lied to me; you promised to be his wife if he would persuade Abel to withdraw his action. And now, as I hear, you avoid the man. Your brother is as false as hell, and you are worthy of him."

A shiver passed over Trenna's face, and her lips slightly moved. She was saying to herself, "Let him think so; I have deserved it."

"I have the banknote in my pocket," resumed the old man, "which was supposed to be in the purse of Lucy Deeds, but which your brother"—it was observable that he never spoke of the offender as his son—"stole from me with the rest. It is in my power to send him to gaol for that; but he will go there sooner or later without my help. I will keep my word to you, never fear."

Trenna drew a long breath of relief; but she answered earnestly, "I felt sure of that, father."

"Ay, and you may be sure also that I will keep my word in another matter, of which I am about to speak; as they will be the last words I shall ever speak to you, unless you undertake to be guided by them, I would recommend you to listen to them attentively. Do you hear me?" he added, with a sudden burst of temper, for there was something in her face which told him—and told him truly—that her thoughts were far away. Nevertheless she heard him, and she said so.

"Then also heed," he answered, sternly. Again he paused, probably to shape his thoughts in less vehement and stormful fashion than they presented themselves to him, for when he spoke again it was in a tone of great gravity and resolve.

"Remember this, girl. From this moment I have only one child in the world—yourself. It remains with you to decide whether I have any child."

"Would you cast off your own son?" asked Trenna, rising to her feet, and confronting him.

"My son? Ay, as I would cast off an adder to drop in the flame. A spendthrift, a thief, an outcast: why should I do otherwise? Has he ever been a son to me?"

"Have you ever been a father to him?" she put in quickly.

"What have you done for him? What have you given him?"

"Money, money! Again and again I have supplied him with the means of enjoyment—which with him means profligacy—much more money than he deserved."



OCTOBER is rich in flowers. Scarlet geraniums are still blooming in sheltered beds, while dahlias, both single and double, seem to find the present season a favourable one, and are blooming freely. Some of the colours of the new single dahlias are very pure and lovely, so that, despite their early withering when cut, they are steadily making their way in estimation. The rather rainy August, followed by a dry and genial September, proved almost perfect weather for wallflowers, the abundance and vigorous growth of which are remarkable this month. Auriculas have formed autumn trusses with unusual freedom, and china asters are abundant. Cyclamens, colchicums, and autumn-flowering crocuses have found the season propitious, and are very early, while bearing more flowers than the average. Hardy primulas of all kinds have grown exceedingly well. The lake and pond have not yet lost all their waterlilies, while the gorgeous sunflower still adorns the cottage garden, or throws up the rich tones of old walls. When we add that the gardeners of the Temple are already preparing for their grand autumn Chrysanthemum Show we shall have said enough to prove that the present October has special good fortune in the way of flowers. Thus far, in fact, we have had a bright and cheerful autumn, with work in kitchen and flower garden brought well forward, and with harvest trimly finished on the farm. The woods are very rich with the changing hues of the forest trees, but although change is a warning of fall, yet the leaves of summer are still for the most part unfallen.

BULBS IN THE GARDEN.—Very pretty beds may be made by setting round a square, circular, or oval plot with *Semprevivum calcaratum*, or other like edging. Next to this plant crocuses in three rings, purple, yellow, and white, each three inches apart. In the middle of the bed put hyacinths and tulips at irregular distances, but not too close together. Between hyacinths and tulips such plants as myosotis, arabis, aubretia, viola, pansy, and alyssum may be put in. The hyacinths are best planted in the following manner: Insert a square dibble to the depth of half-a-foot, and enclose the bulb in silver sand both above and below. The tulips also are better for sand round them.

THE EUCALYPTUS is slowly but surely gaining in favour. It is not for doctors alone to sing the praises of this health-giving plant. Artist, poet, and painter may join in admiration of the effect produced by the blue shades of the eucalyptus leaves upon which the glamour of moonlight appears continually to rest. The eucalyptus has given a new foliage colour to our gardens. Its love for damp ground is well known. Let every farmer who has a stagnant pool on his farm plant the eucalyptus round it; let every landowner, whose park walls are encompassed by a torpid ditch, plant the eucalyptus along that ditch; let every riparian dweller plant some backwater or still mere, support his willows with eucalyptus. Where few plants flourish the eucalyptus does well, and where its health-giving properties are most needed, there it most surely thrives.

THE DOVE FLOWER.—This charming plant, the Holy Ghost Flower, *Espirito santo* of the Spaniards, is now in blossom at Mr. William Bull's New Plant Establishment, Chelsea. It takes its name from the centre of the flower presenting a striking resemblance to a dove.

AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.—The Wetherley Exhibition has been marked by a general high standard of merit in the classes for cattle, sheep, and pigs. The number of animals shown was fair. At Milnthorpe the entries were numerous, and of good quality. The Kirby Stephen Exhibition was remarkable for the excellence of the shorthorns, Mr. W. Taylor's animals in especial winning favour. A good show of sheep at Abergavenny attracted attention. The cattle and pig classes were but poorly filled. At Oswestry we noticed a really fine show of horses, especially of such horses as were most suited for general work on the farm. The hunters were also good, the colts extremely so.

CATTLE.—Prices at sales continue high, though demand appears in some degree to be slackening. Many farmers hope to be able to buy cheaper after the frosts have begun than they now can, whilst green feed is abundant. No sale of cattle has been more successful, and very few have been so successful, as the great sale at Banff a few days ago. At this sale, which was limited to Polled Aberdeen Cattle, the average price per head obtained was 97l. 15s. 7d. The herd was founded in 1831, and has produced some of the finest animals of the breed. The highest figure realised at the sale was 330l., that being the price paid for a very handsome seven-year-old cow.—A sale at Perth realised almost equally high rates. The average for the polled herd offered here was 88l. 3s., and the highest price obtained 340l. for a heifer.

NORFOLK is still a little behind the time, in spite of its recent revolt from Conservatism, and return of Mr. Gurdon. The postal service in many parts is extremely primitive, and telegraph stations are few in number. Between the not unimportant towns of Aylsham and Reepham and the city of Norwich there are no trains running on Sundays, while the latest weekday train leaving London for the towns of Watton, Dereham, Wells, Fakenham, Aylsham, Walsham, and Cromer—none of them altogether obscure places—starts at a quarter past five in the afternoon. For London we believe there is no train leaving Fakenham later than twenty minutes to four, and we have been informed that the traveller just missing the 9.38 morning train from Bungay to Norwich has a little matter of five hours to wait.

NOTTINGHAM FAIR has just been held, and has proved as busy and as noisy as any of its predecessors. The weather was sharp and chilly, but rain kept off. The grand market-place was thronged with people and crowded with stalls, while the number of booths and shows could not, we imagine, be matched at any other Show in England, certainly not at the "Royal," or at Wilton Fair. The show of horses was up to the average, and fairly high prices ruled. The show of horned cattle was mediocre. Some good sheep were offered for sale, and promptly changed hands at terms remunerative to the breeder. There was a poor show of cheese both as regards quality and quantity. The generality of Derby cheese brought 60s. to 70s. per cwt., but up to 80s. was asked for the better qualities. The mean price of Stilton was about 10d. per pound.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The ait above Kew Bridge is to be preserved from being turned into the site of a factory, but it requires something more than simply to be let alone. High tides wash away small portions continually; very high tides sweep right over the ait.—What trees will do best in dry and cold places? General Korolkoff, the famous Russian botanist, has found that *Ailanthi*, *Robinias*, and the *Pinus halepensis* thrive in Central Asia, where the drought and cold probably exceed any trials to which trees would be exposed on Britain's Northern or Eastern coast.—Lectures on Agriculture are to be given at the City of London College, and at the Stepney Schools in Dempsey Street, E., on Monday evenings during the next six months. Mr. Bernard Dyer, F.C.S., is the lecturer.

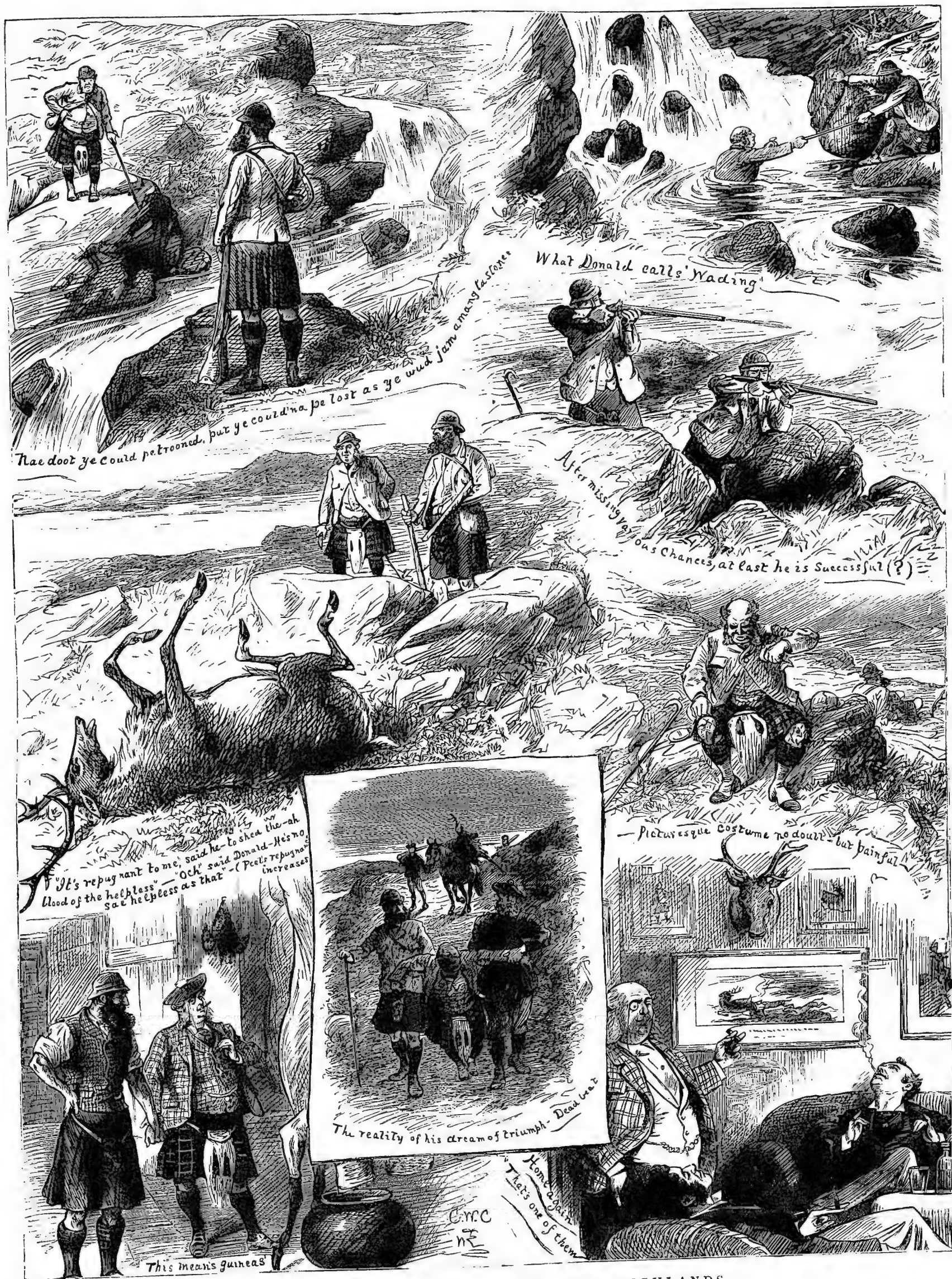


SCOTCH predestinarianism is of a peculiar kind. It means that the Scot who holds it believes himself predestined to great things, and therefore ought not to put up with any other. Hence it is the very opposite to fatalism. The one promotes supineness, the other urges to unflagging effort. In this sense Daniel Macmillan, son of a little "tacksman" in the Isle of Arran, was a predestinarian. To the last, after he had studied Carlyle and Coleridge and Goethe, and had meekly sat at F. D. Maurice's footstool, and delighted in his sweet smile, he said predestinarianism was the only creed that had feet to stand on; and the explanation of this paradoxical state of mind is a letter towards the beginning of the book, in reply to his elder brother's taunt: "What are you, and what is your father's house that you should be ambitious?" In this he calmly points out that though he is a nobody he has in him the makings of a somebody, as indeed he needs must, being born of a good brave father, and of a mother the most truly lady-like of women. The letter stamps the man, and, indeed, the class of which he was one of the best and the noblest examples. And this is the beauty of Mr. T. Hughes's biography, that he lets its subject tell his own tale; and so we have a deal of heart in the work, and not a few tears, for your sturdy Scot can, like Achilles, weep when he is alone. The details of the life we purposely abstain from giving, for we want to send readers to the book itself. Such a noble battle with constant ill-health (he is consumptive), not for the sake of pelf (though Daniel was a shrewd business man), but for the general good and for the glory of his craft has rarely been fought; and, since Chambers's autobiography, such a life has never been so well described. There is here naturally more analysis of character and more introspection than in Chambers, because another wrote the book, and puts in what Macmillan never meant to be published. The turning point in Macmillan's fortunes was his gaining, in a strange way, the friendship of Archdeacon Hare, joint author of "Guesses at Truth." Of course the book is published by the firm of which Daniel was founder.

An aged European retired to Patna, bought a house, and, like Horace's Roman soldier among the Parthians, took a native wife, nay, a whole harem. While Mr. W. Tayler's wife was in England he visited this polygamous Dives; but when she and her daughters returned all intercourse was strictly cut off. Dives was furious, vowed he would get Mr. Tayler out of Patna, and by and by, when the Murfin came, laid before Government a complaint that his property (two lacs of rupees) and the safety of the city were endangered by Mr. Tayler's measures. Thereupon Mr. Halliday, who had previously disagreed with Mr. Tayler about industrial education, took the extreme measure of dismissing him. Against this step came a host of protests in India and at home. But in spite of his 174 distinguished officers and 58 M.P.'s, and the eager and intelligent partisanship of Dr. Alexander Duff, Mr. Tayler is still under the stigma of dismissal for incompetency in a trying crisis. The object, therefore, of this second volume of "Thirty-Eight Years in India" (Allen and Co.), as full as was Vol. I. of queer little sketches, admirable portraits, stories of amateur theatricals, and Indian jokes, is to bring the matter before the British public. To us the author seems to make out a case for careful public investigation. His appendix brings forward an array of new facts; and the subsequent decoration of Mowla Buksh and Wilayat Ali Khan (whom Mr. Halliday had snubbed as "disloyal hypocrites" because Mr. Tayler had delighted to honour them), the one with the Order of the Indian Empire, the other with the Star of India, is strong testimony in his favour. When Buksh received his decoration from Sir J. Lawrence, he looked up to heaven and said: "It is all Mr. Tayler." Apart from this unhappy dispute, the book is full of general interest, while to the Anglo-Indian the dispute itself, carried on in the racy personal style of an Indian quarrel, will be delightful fun. We expect Mr. Tayler's book will be much called for at Bath and Cheltenham and other Indian centres.

The author of "Episodes in the Life of an Indian Chaplain" (Sampson Low) has no grievance. He twaddles now and then, and tells a good deal that has been at least as well told before; but one cannot scold a man who has done valuable work, and who lets the





reader so naively into the tale of his sad bereavements. His work was the foundation of good middle-class schools for Eurasians, both at Nagpore and Bangalore. The latter he called Bishop Cotton's College, and he managed most skilfully and with very good results to comprehend female education in its scheme. We are thankful for the high testimony our chaplain bears to the character of the natives: "He who has the best and longest acquaintance with them admires them the most." Of the Hon. Sashia Sastri, C.S.I., he naturally speaks in glowing terms; but he is equally enthusiastic about the ayah, unselfish after the fashion of ayahs, who after his wife's death was like a mother to his children. We must not omit to note the earlier chapter detailing the chaplain's life as curate—his work among "soiled doves," &c. It is told in a manly straightforward way.

In the "Report of the Census of Berar for 1881" (Bombay: Education Society's Press, Byculla) Mr. Eustace Kitts gives not only a full account of how the Census was carried out, but also a vast mass of interesting details about manners and customs, life-averages in various castes, industries, taxation, &c. In fact, it is not only a census, but also a most useful book of reference. Its value would be increased by an index, in addition to the fairly ample synopsis.

Canon Jenkinson rightly thinks that Cetewayo's visit will cause many to be asking, "What is to become of Zululand? Either, he thinks, we must annex it, or we must restore the king whom we deposed, in which latter case it is impossible to say whether or not the settlement would be permanent as it is. The Zulus have great ground for complaint. Chiefs who were but "little dogs" are allowed to oppress and plunder them, and the Governor turns a deaf ear to their grievances. Mr. Jenkinson thinks the war, or at least some war, was inevitable, owing to the attitude of the native youth. We quite agree with him that, whatever government is set up, no annexation of land should on any pretence be allowed. On the whole "Amazulu" (Allen and Co.), the narrative of a six years' resident Canon of Maritzburg, deserves to find readers.

The first volume of "Peoples of the World" (Cassell) takes us from Greenland to Tierra del Fuego. The illustrations are abundant, those of the Red Indians, their medicine-men, buffalo dances, &c., reminding us of Catlin. The letter-press is full of interest, giving, in South America, for instance, a good account of the state of things under Spanish rule, of the native Peruvian rising in 1781, for instance, and the fearful cruelty with which it was suppressed. It is sad to find that civilisation makes the Red man idle by destroying the need for his hereditary arts. He will not spend weeks in making a weapon when a day's work will buy him a gun; nor will the squaws toil over cloth of dog's hair or fibre, when blankets are so easily to be got. As in all Cassell's books the print and paper are excellent.

If we are to have series of everything, it is time there should be one of English political leaders. Nor could this be better begun than with "William Pitt" (Isbister), who finds an able exponent of his policy and a sober admirer of his character in Mr. Lewis Sergeant. He brings out clearly in the chapter on "Pitt as a War Minister" that war was forced on him by the French. He wished to recognise the Republic, for he knew that Russia was eager to swallow up Poland; and he offered to do so if France would leave Holland alone. As things went on, however, war was a necessity. The chapter on "The English Propaganda," showing how the growing alarm of the moneyed classes drove Pitt at last to use violent measures of repression, touches on a subject almost forgotten nowadays. There were the educated Jacobins, and there was the London mob, which broke the King's carriage windows. In his chapter on "Pitt and Ireland" Mr. Sergeant hazards the opinion that the experiment of an Irish Parliament cannot be said to have failed; it had not a fair trial; things at home and abroad were too disturbed. He does not bring out clearly enough the truth that the Union without Catholic emancipation was a mere mockery.

The customary autumn budget of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is, as ever, rich in contributions to Church History, and provides further additions to those various series of publications initiated in previous years. Thus "York" and "Oxford" are now included amongst the Diocesan Histories, and though it is almost impossible to prevent a certain amount of repetition in this collection, the different writers manage fairly well to avoid trenching on each other's province. Canon Ormsby's record of the Northern Primacy is one of the most attractive of the volumes yet issued—thanks alike to the interest of the subject and the flowing style of the writer. It is no mere dry register of diocesan affairs, but a thoroughly readable sketch of the able ecclesiastics who have filled the episcopal chair of York, intermingled with general history and descriptions of old customs. Similar picturesque touches would have greatly lightened the Rev. E. Marshall's "Oxford," which is a trifle cold and stiff, though a very careful compilation. Turning from local to general ecclesiastical history, a brief survey of the growth of the National Church is afforded by the Rev. Dr. Baker's "Lectures on the Church of England"—five discourses lately delivered at St. Paul's to the members of the London Association of Lay-Helpers. Those needing a clear view of the subject will appreciate Dr. Baker's warm defence of the continuity of the Church of England from the original Apostolic Church.—How the Church fared across the Channel in early ages is told also in one of the three volumes added to the Home Library, "The Church in Roman Gaul," by the Rev. R. T. Smith. Tracing the first dawn of the Christian Religion, when Gaul was sunk in Druidic superstition, its strength under Roman persecution, and its growth up to the foundation of the Frankish kingdom, the author fully illustrates his subject from the pages of the Gallic Fathers themselves, justly considering that the truest picture of the Church is to be found in the lives and teachings of her holiest men. Written with clearness and brevity, Mr. Smith's work is most interesting. As, however, these volumes are intended especially for the everyday reader, who may not always be versed in the minutiae of religious controversy, a few brief explanatory notes would be useful,—as in Miss Bramston's "Judea and Her Rulers." Less scholarly than the preceding, Miss Bramston's work will probably be preferred by many, owing to her picturesque and easy style of narrative. Here the doctrinal yields to the historical side of the question, as the authoress follows the Chosen People to captivity in Babylon after the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, and welds together the scattered chips of information from Scriptural and secular authority to sketch their varying fortunes until the destruction of the Holy City by the Romans under Titus.—Descending to later times of persecution, the Rev. A. H. Wratlaw furnishes much new and valuable material respecting the great Bohemian Reformer in "John Hus." Until late years free and unbiased writing was impossible in Bohemia, the works of Hus himself were only published in an imperfect edition, and historians were sharply silenced by the Censor. Happily, things have changed, and Dr. Palacky and Professor Tomek's industry has brought to light many unknown details of their country's history, and of Hus's life and work in particular. Of their researches Mr. Wratlaw has fully availed himself to produce an excellent biography, whose chief fault is that while Hus's career and writings are amply set before us, the man himself remains but a shadowy presentment, the author lacking the happy touch to bring him before our mind as a life-like representation. A brief account of Jerome of Prague, Hus's fervent disciple and fellow-martyr, is also added.—The minor characters of Scripture, some merely commemorated by a single mention, are taken as

subjects for short practical sermonettes by the Rev. F. Bourdillon in "Lesser Lights," a recent series following a previous work on a similar plan.—Short and practical too are the Rev. E. L. Cutts' "Addresses to Candidates for Confirmation," which include brief lectures on the Catechism, and may easily be expanded according to circumstances.

It is not possible to bestow any commendation upon Mr. William Tirebuck's "Dante Gabriel Rossetti: His Work and Influence" (Elliot Stock). In a book, however small, devoted to the study of so illustrious a man as Rossetti it is not unreasonable to look for interesting facts or penetrating criticism. Instead of this one finds in this little volume merely such haphazard and confused gossip as has been the common-place babble at "aesthetic teas" any time for the last ten years.—"Facts and Phases of Animal Life," by Vernon S. Morwood (James Hogg), is a capital natural history book for boys. It has enough science to make it instructive, and enough anecdote to make it entertaining, while it encourages in its readers a kindly and healthy sentiment towards animals.—In "Physical Education, and its Place in a Rational System of Education" (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), Miss Concordia Löfving contends, in opposition to Professor Bain, that rational education should create and not pre-suppose good physical health. There is much sound sense in this little book, which may be recommended to parents and teachers.—"Where to Fish Round London," by Samuel Highley (David Bogue), is a handbook which ought to be of great service to London anglers. The information is complete, and includes particulars of inns, fishermen, hotels, railway fares, and the kind of fish to be caught at each of the places named.—"French Proverbs and English Equivalents," compiled by G. Belcour (Edward Stanford), will prove a useful help in the study of idiomatic French in schools.

NOTE.—Professor Ricci, of the City of London College, has prepared the English translation of Stepniak's "La Russia Sotteranea," of which work we gave so favourable an account in our last week's issue.

THE ROMANCE OF PARISH REGISTERS

DIVINES, lawyers, and archaeologists are almost the only people who disturb the congenial dust which so frequently accumulates on Parish Registers. These classes are commonly made up of sensible men, who for the most part regard the musty records of the past with a business-like and exclusively professional interest. Sometimes the novelist resorts to them as to an unfailing source of inspiration. And in truth much of romance encircles these time-worn parchment books, with their thousands of entries written in sadly faded ink. Generation after generation has left names and dates within the tattered covers. And they who made up those generations passed away and became mere *nominum umbra* to posterity. A little industry recovers the names of the successive vicars of the parish. They, too, one after the other, fulfilled their life-work, died, and were entered by their successors in the Register Book of the parish. Long since each one "*Placida compostus pace quiescit*."

Even the outside of these parchment books is eloquent. Here is a dark circle showing where some irreverent churchwarden set down his mug of beer upon the cover; while that small circular hole burnt in it by the ashes of his pipe tell a tale of the general carelessness of last century. On this side are figures of the number and cost of sheep, carrying back the discoverer to long-past markets and fairs, and much talk of a yoke of oxen over "a last year's pippin and a dish of carraways." Open the book at random and select an entry. "Katherine, daughter of John and Sibylla Hunt, was baptised April 3, 1711." Look on some twenty years; here "Richard Mairs and Katherine Hunt were married, June 19, 1723." In due time children are born and entered, about one every other year, until in 1784 Katherine Mairs herself is buried, aged 72. These few prosaic entries tell the story of a human life in briefer and more poetic terms than does Rogers's beautiful poem on the same subject. They bring before us the unconscious babe at the font, the maiden in the bloom of life marrying her lover with whom she had so often lingered by the hawthorns in the dale, or the big yew near the church porch; then the sober matron dutifully bringing sons and daughters one after the other to be christened; lastly, the long black train of friends and children following the old woman to the grave. But a spice of imagination causes these faded village chronicles to blossom into life and reality. Then they are found instinct with romance.

Parish Registers are coeval with the Church of the Reformation, Cromwell, in the thirtieth year of Henry VIII., 1538, having ordered them to be kept in every parish. The annals of each parish are contained in its Registers. It is easy to note that until quite recent years no one ever possessed more than one Christian name. Now Sarah James, Richard Thomases, and Anna Marias abound. The history of the nation may be read in the fashion which dictated names. The long Puritanical and Scriptural names soon disappeared, though such names as Faith, Grace, True, and the like, are probably survivals of them. Philip takes us back to Bloody Mary's sour husband; George, William, and Anne speak for themselves. In the last three decades have come in what may be called romantic names, Ethels, Hildas, Mabels, Violets, Janets innumerable. The growth of local surnames may easily be traced. First comes a John from Waltham, but John of Waltham soon passes into John Waltham. Thus we have Woottons, Irbys, Houghtons, Braybrookes, and the like. Here is a year in which the average number of burials has suddenly leaped up from under 100 to over 400. These figures point to plagues such as in 1605 and 1638 ravaged Northampton. Quite in our own days cholera had the like effect in the Registers of the Lincolnshire watering-place, Cleethorpes. The leading families of each parish may be traced from generation to generation. A Register dating from 1572 lies before us, and 1573 shows a name which is still flourishing in the parish. The village moralist reads the vanity of man in these entries as unerringly as he who muses among the tombstones, while the genealogist may prolong the limbs of his family tree to any extent:—

Untwist the linked bouts of pedigree,
And, on a point where Garter's self might err,
Quote—fearless quote—the Parish Register.

There are plenty of curiosities, too, in these musty archives. In most Registers burials "in woollen" are entered after 1678, when an Act came into force "for lessening the importation of linen from beyond the seas." It is needless to quote "poor Narcissa's" dying words on this custom. Entries frequently occur of persons married before the Mayor of a town, or before County Magistrates during the rule of the Parliamentary party. Till the last few years a large prostrate oak, known as "Cludd's Oak," might be seen near Southwell, so-called because that worthy used to celebrate marriages under its shade. Sometimes it is recorded that the banns in those disturbed days were called in the market-place. In another parish the Registers state that a witch was "devoured;" by dogs or flames, we presume. Of burials, one man was "murdered in a fray," another "found dead in a well;" "the sonne of Robert Hodgkine being drowned at the request of his father was buried" in a third parish; two men are here "slain in a bank pit" (i.e., the chalk fell in upon them); "Tho Manning, a pore innocent," is buried there. "Ann, the daughter of an Egyptian that was executed at the first assize that Sir Samuel Dreyton was High Sheriff, was baptised," in another Register.

Many entries relate to great fires, floods, a chimney falling upon a crowd listening to a woman preaching, whereby three were killed,

incences to eat flesh in Lent on account of sickness, sinners doing penance, new bells, a new organ, in a word, to *quidquid agunt homines* in the retirement of a country parish. Saddest of all are entries in the books of parishes on the seaboard: "a man unknown," "a drowned woman," and the like; such parishes being bound to bury all shipwrecked strangers cast upon their boundaries. Occasionally personal enmities are entered. Political animosities are not absent. This Rector enters his private grudges against the Squire, and the next one has caused a letter from the Bishop, authorising him to erase the entry, to be gummed in opposite it. Another breaks out into verse, or quotes Horace's "*felices ter et amplius*," &c., on the marriage of his daughter. Here he loses a child, and writes next the entry of its burial the touching words, "Ps. xxi. 4." Here he rails against his parishioners for their neglect of his ministrations. Occasionally he condescends to mere personal details: "Planted the cedar by the south porch," "dug the little fishpond," a change of patron, and the like. He must be unimaginative who cannot raise a thousand quaint features in his forefathers' lives from their graves, and yet recognise the uniformity of human nature for the last three hundred years, by means of these spells.

The old-account books of the parish overseers are still more productive hunting-grounds for any modern Dryasdust; in *tali nunquam lassat venatio silva*. Much of the simple life formerly led by the rude forefathers of the hamlet can be easily recovered from these documents. The drinking, the economy, even the quarrels of the parishioners are in these accounts all written in a few lines. Here are a few specimens taken at random from such a parish account book which now lies before us:—

1767. "To Mary Thompson, when her child had small-pox, 2s.

"To amputating a leg, 3/ 3s."

1780. "The parishioners all agree to prosecute any person or persons who may hereafter break and destroy the hedges, or take away any part of the fences. N.B.—The parish is to contribute seven men for the ballot for the Militia."

1781. Putting child's arm in its place, said child's arm being dislocated, 10s. A rate allowed, "this rate published the 29th April by the Parish Clerk, in the Parish Church after Divine Service."

"A strike of kyoils, 8d." (strike of coals!)

1783. "For Mary Lidget's girl a pitty coat, she having got a place, 3s. 6d."

"To Jno Dresser's maid, quarter wages, least she should gain a settlement, having fitts and not being serviceable, 10s. 6d."

1784. "To ½ bottle of Imperial oil and ointment for hir foot being bad, 1s."

1785. "A par of Briches mackin, 1s. A par of shues, 3s. 9d."

"Ped Tinchfall for caps for Summertons las, 6d."

1744. A Vestry Meeting was held "concerning the old thatch that Mr. Parnham took belonging to the poor houses, and this Vestry orders him to bring it back or pay to the Overseer 5s., which we think its value."

1796. July 16, 4 lbs. of mutton, 2s.

1809. Paid for "tiking, blankets, sherts; for taback, brens and chees and ale," so much.

1812. Mending the pinfold, 3s. 6d.; a besom, 5d.

1819. Paid the Moaler, 17. 11s. 6d. 1822. Mouler, 17. 11s. 6d.

The spelling, it will be noticed, is as eccentric as the entries. Turning from these Lincolnshire moles to the Register of a parish in Devon, exactly a hundred years ago, 3s. is paid for the destruction of as many badgers as vermin; half-a-crown for a fox. The same Register for 1775 contains a curious entry of a tavern bill for the parish dinner; twenty-four dined, and they seem to have consumed 18 bottles of port, 49 quarts of beer and cider, and 7s. 6d. worth of punch. Two shillings, however, is charged for the dinner of servants, so it may charitably be hoped that these servants helped to consume this large amount of alcohol.

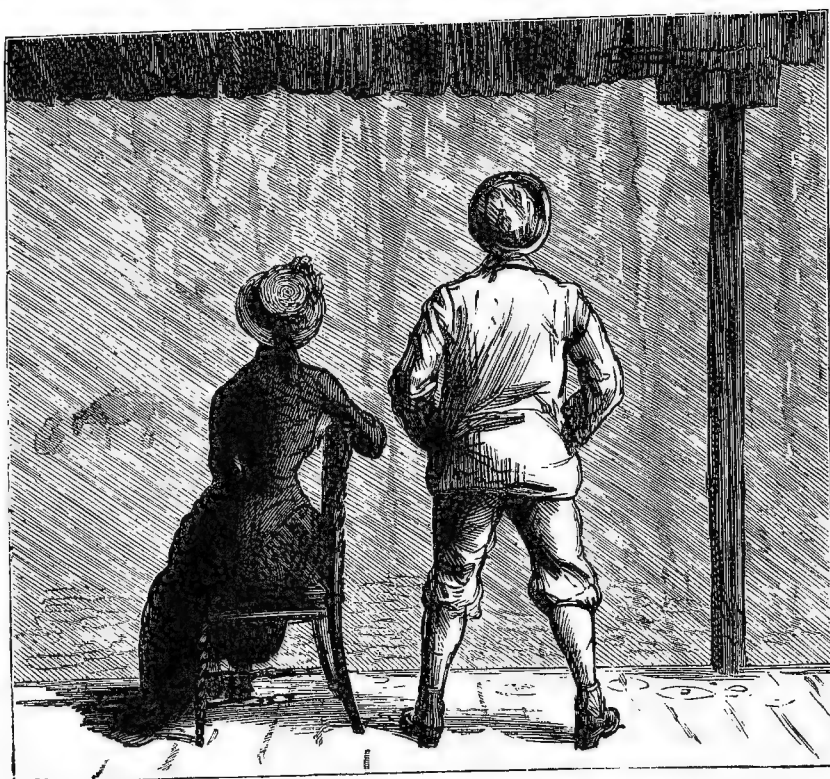
In the last century duplicates of Parish Registers were sent to the Bishop's Registry. Many of these survive, though the originals are lost. We lately met an enthusiast in deciphering and preserving these duplicates, which are frequently illegible through damp and neglect. He applied a chemical mixture to the faded ink, and dried and rubbed the parchment sheet by sheet in sunshine, and so obtained excellent results for antiquarians and students of local history. The Commissioners, in 1840, discovered in one place or another in England about 7,000 authentic Registers, other than parochial, and placed them under the care of the Registrar-General. The clergy, who at present are the lawful guardians of the Parish Registers, cannot bestow too many pains upon their preservation, for a movement is on foot to transfer all Parochial Registers, either to the different Cathedrals, or to some central position in London. Fortunately the clergy are now more awake to their responsibilities herein than they were some forty years ago, when the Registers of one Lincolnshire parish are said to have been cut up by the incumbent as labels for game hampers, and on the parson of another being applied to for an entry, he cut it out from the page, and forwarded it to his correspondent, to save the trouble of copying. Indeed, it is now recognised as part of the duties of the Rural Deans to see that the Registers of their respective deaneries are well cared for. Certainly the transference of them to London, or to any place away from the parish to which they relate, would be a great blow to local archaeology and historical investigation by any of the inhabitants. It appears needless, when such facilities exist for transcribing them, and the books themselves are now generally kept with care. The emoluments of the clergy are helped out with the fees payable for searching and giving copies of the entries in their Registers. This may be regarded as a slender source of income; and so it is, save when a lucky clergyman can find some entry which has been advertised for. Quite recently 600*l.* was offered in *The Times* for the entry of a marriage in the last century. Without drawing a ludicrous picture of some old incumbent and his wife laboriously going through his Registers in the hope that they might light upon the coveted entry, it is easy to understand that such a reward would be very acceptable among a body of men not generally celebrated for their wealth. It may be trusted, therefore, that an age ready enough to cut down all fees to a vanishing point will not insist on withdrawing from the custody of the clergy documents, not only of great intrinsic interest to their parishes, but also of some little value to their custodians in a pecuniary point of view. Ghosts and folk-lore are rapidly migrating from this country to America; let us hope that the Parish Registers, where lurk the last traces of romance, will long be spared.

M. G. WATKINS

THE DEATH OF THE LEAVES

THE sickle wind that woo'd with amorous sighs
The trembling leaves amid the sunny glades;
With harsher tones now through the forest flies;
And at his ruder voice their verdure fades—
As fades the love of Purity and Truth
When Passion's voice supplants those holy powers
That sprang from chaos clothed in fadeless youth,
And decked with garlands of perennial flowers.
But ere they die—those blighted leaves of love,
Like Niobe more beautiful in woe—
A thousand charms are showered from above
To add fresh lustre and a richer glow.
Bright gold and amber shame their vernal bloom,
Alas! 'tis but the beauty of the tomb.

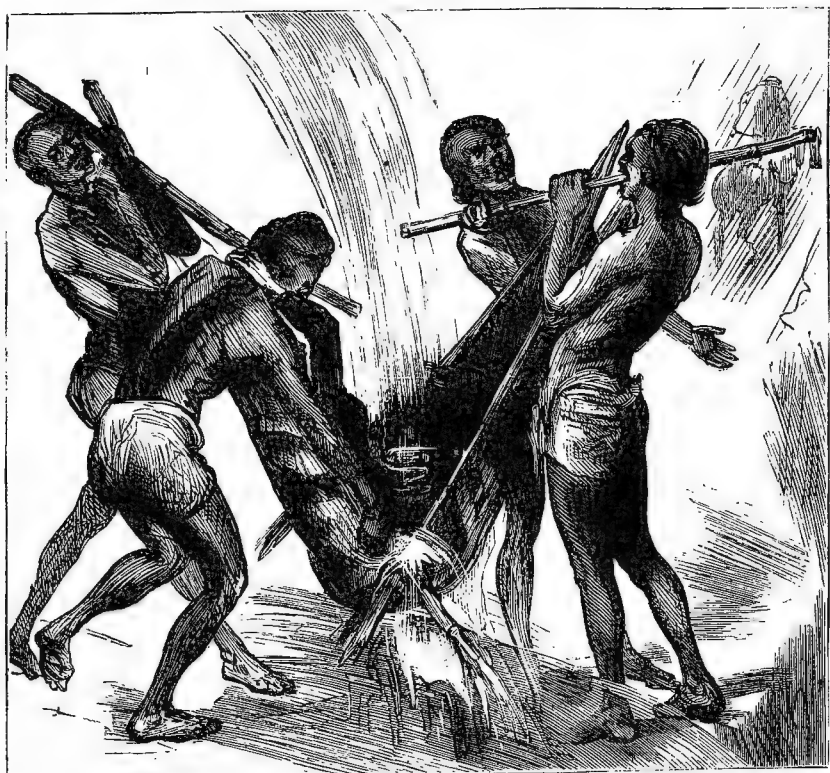
ALBERT FRANCIS CROSS



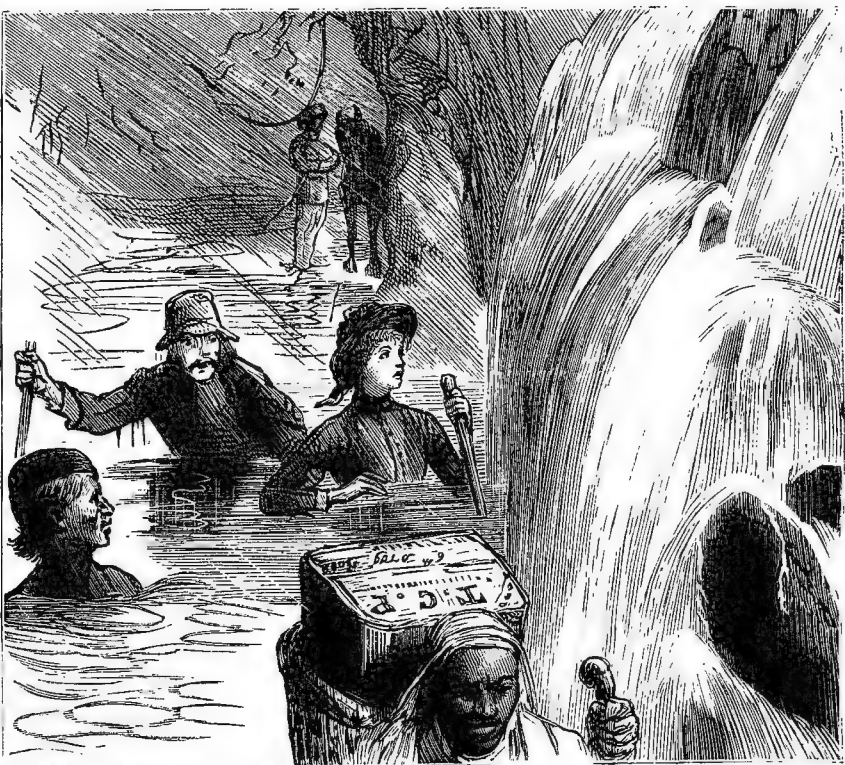
2 P.M., TIME TO START—"IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE CLEARING UP."



3 P.M.—WE ENCOUNTER A LANDSLIDE



4 P.M., MY WIFE'S DANDY BREAKS IN TWO



6 P.M.—WE HAVE TO WADE

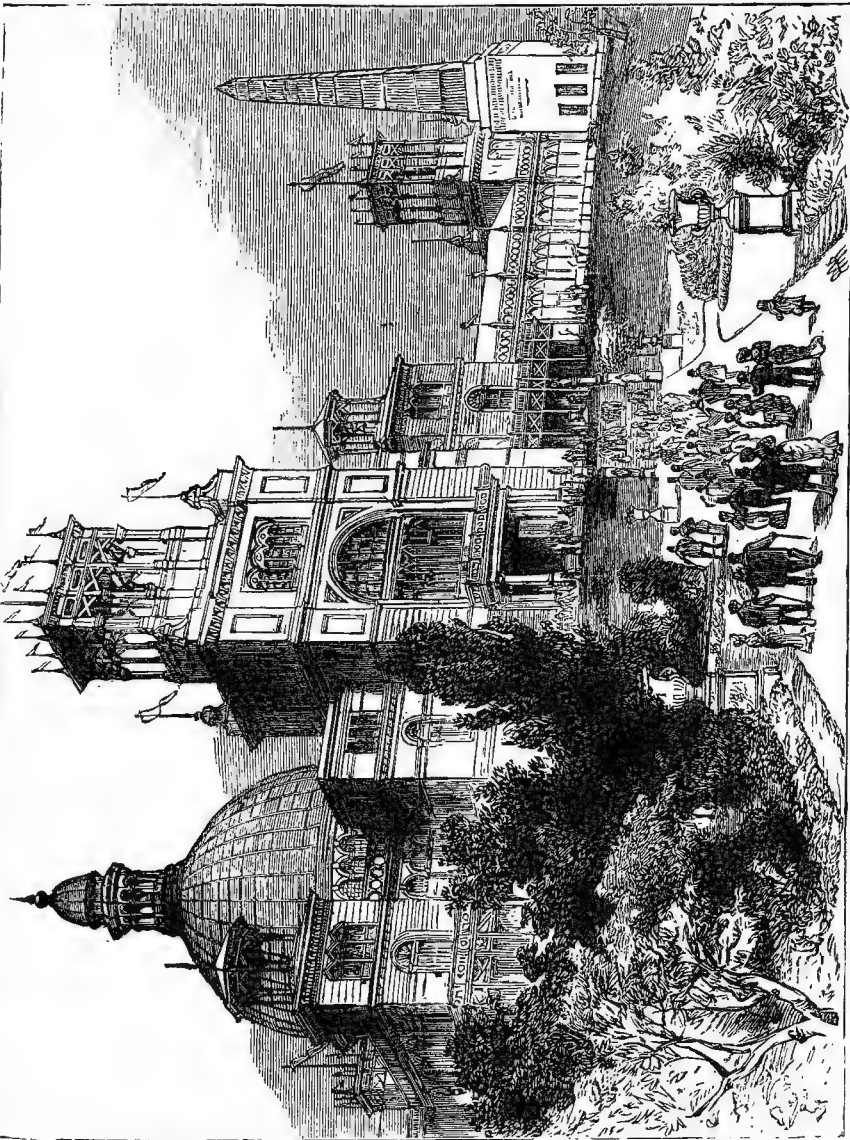


7.30 P.M.—ARRIVING WET AND TIRED AT A STAGING BUNGALOW WE FIND IT LEAKS

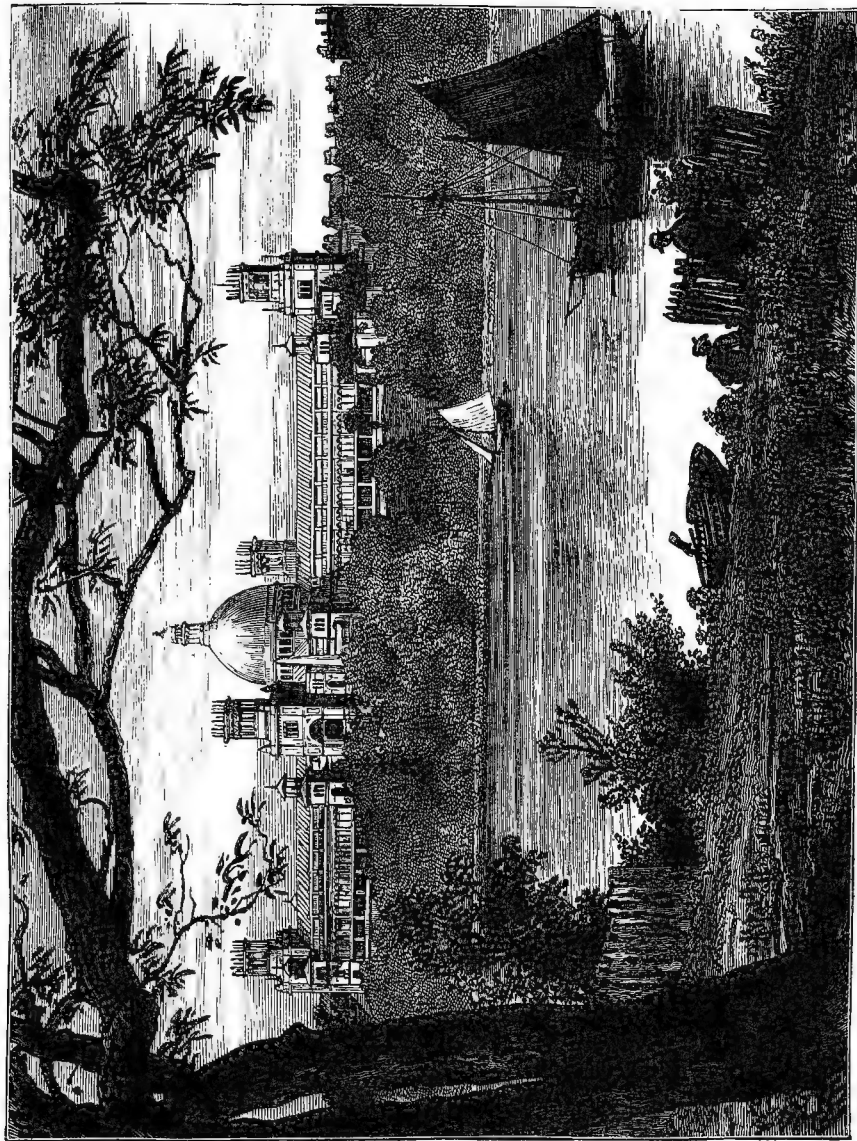


8.30 P.M.—WE AWAIT DINNERS: THE COOK DECLARES THAT HE CAN PROCURE NO SUPPLIES, AND THAT OUR LAST TWO BOTTLES OF WHISKEY ARE BROKEN

ON MY WAY TO JOIN MY REGIMENT IN EGYPT
CATASTROPHES WHICH HAPPENED TO AN OFFICER RECALLED FROM LEAVE IN KASHMIR DURING THE MONSOON RAINS

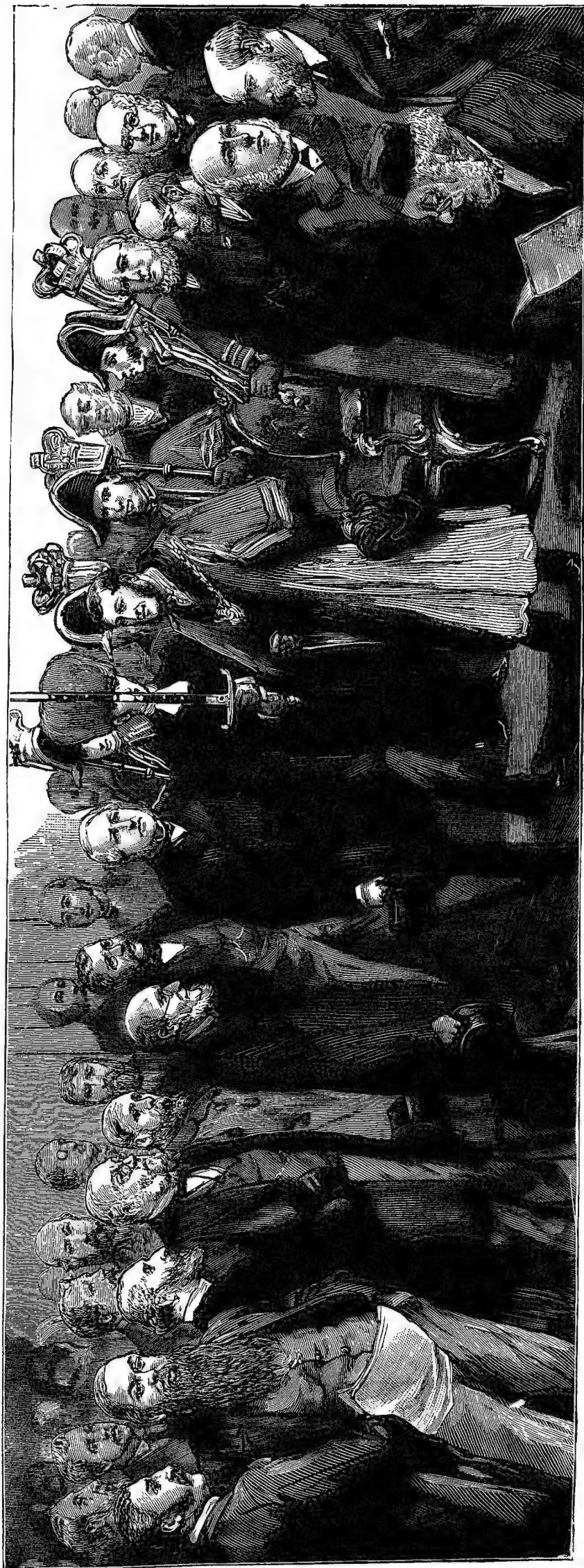


THE EXHIBITION BUILDING AND THE GARDEN



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDING AND GROUNDS

THE SYDNEY EXHIBITION BUILDING, DESTROYED BY FIRE, SEPTEMBER 22



THE MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE AT GLOUCESTER

Mr. Plummer (Newcastle) Mr. Sampson S. Lloyd
Mr. Turnbull (Hartlepool)
Mr. Norwood, M.P.
The President (Mr. Monk, M.P.)
The Mayor
Mr. Nicks (Gloucester) Mr. Marshall (Leeds)
Mr. Lucy (Gloucester) Mr. Barian, M.P.

of resuscitating a piece ranking among the traditional triumphs of the Haymarket, and comparatively unknown to the playgoing public of this day, for it has not been played in London for the last nine years. Besides this, the comedy gives occasion for some of those triumphs of scene-painting and scene-building which are dear to the heart of the modern manager who aspires to hold a leading place in the dramatic annals of his time; for the three acts each occupy what is known as an elaborate "set," the first two representing respectively the saloon and the quarterdeck of a steam vessel of the Peninsular and Oriental company, and the last act a desert island in the Red Sea, with the vessel, which is supposed to have struck on the Mazaffa Reef, lying a helpless wreck upon the shore. If the result has a little disappointed expectations the fault is certainly not with the management, nor is it with the performers or the scenic artists. The scenes aboard ship are wonderfully realistic, even to the Lascar sailors, who ascend the shrouds now and then, and the solemn, silent kitmutgars and chattering ayahs, who haunt the deck and cabins. The acting, moreover, is of high quality. Certainly no more delightful representative of the skittish Mrs. Sebright than Mrs. Bancroft—no more amusing impersonator of her rival, the temporarily-widowed Mrs. Lovibond than Mrs. John Wood—could have been furnished by our stage. Mr. Bancroft has not, it is true, the irrepressible and genuine vivacity of the late Mr. Charles Mathews—nor, indeed, has any other living actor; and so far his impersonation of the impecunious, light-hearted young surgeon, Tom Dexter, who becomes the inspiring influence, and the friend, protector, and instigator, as the case may be, of the little world of personages, good and bad, making up the crew and passenger list of the *Simoom*, may awaken regrets in the minds of those who remember the original; but otherwise his performance is lively, spirited, and always gentleman-like. To the part of Lovibond, in whom Mrs. Lovibond speedily discovers her long-lost husband, wrongfully arrested as a notorious swindler, Mr. David James, in the first two acts, brings a lugubrious sort of humour, no less effective in its way than the cheery manner of Mr. Buckstone, and his change to a blithe vein under the altered circumstances of life on the desert island is irresistibly amusing. Other types of character aboard are also represented carefully and effectively by Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Everill, Mr. Brookfield, Miss Maria Daly, and Miss Tilbury, the latter young lady, who is a daughter of the clever and accomplished actress professionally known as Miss Lydia Thompson, making a favourable impression in the part of Mary Colepepper. But the want of substance in the piece was somehow more constantly felt than it seemed to be of old. The lively encounters between Mrs. Sebright and Mrs. Lovibond afforded, indeed, much amusement; as did the scenes between the latter lady and her long-lost husband. Nor did Tom Dexter's bustling officiousness and inexhaustible spirits fail to secure sympathy. Yet the unmistakable signs which attend upon a great success were certainly wanting on the occasion of the first performance. The truth is that, except in the case of the sterling old comedy—the few survivors of a multitude of forgotten pieces—with which it would be absurd to compare *The Overland Route* either for power of characterisation or brilliancy of dialogue, our audiences have come to require in a play more romantic interest and a little more ingenuity of design than Mr. Taylor's comedy exhibits.

The Overland Route was preceded by a monologue entitled *Nearly Seven*, written and acted by Mr. Brookfield, whose clever performance of the part of the swindler's confidential servant in the English version of M. Sardou's *Dora* is well remembered. The little piece is written with some cleverness, and it was fairly well spoken and acted.

Mr. Charles Warner has, we understand, declined to play the part of the hero in Mr. Charles Reade's new drama entitled *Love and Money*. This character will, therefore, be assumed by Mr. Clynids. The play will be produced on the 18th of November at the ADELPHI, which theatre will for that purpose pass for a time into Mr. Reade's hands.

Mr. Irving will contribute shortly to *Good Words* an essay entitled "Shakespeare in the Closet and on the Stage."

Mr. Toole reappeared on Saturday last for the winter season at the elegant little theatre at Charing Cross which bears his name. The programme consists of Mr. Byron's comedy, *The Upper Crust*, and a musical trifle, entitled *Mr. Guffin's Elopement*, by Mr. Arthur Law and Mr. George Grossmith. In both these pieces Mr. Toole appears, greatly to the satisfaction of his patrons.

It appears that Mr. Tennyson's new play to be shortly produced at the GLOBE Theatre is entitled *The Promise of May*. It is described as a rustic idyllic drama, in three acts, and in prose. The leading parts will be sustained by Mrs. Bernard Beere and Mr. Charles Kelly.

Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera will, we believe, be produced in New York before it sees the light in London, if we except the customary single performance at some obscure theatre, which our absurd copyright laws render necessary to prevent forfeiture of rights in this country. When the popularity of *Patience* is finally exhausted, it will be produced, with due care, at the SAVOY Theatre. We have already given some details of the story. The title is *Perola*.

Mr. Coghlan will, we understand, join the company of the COURT Theatre, under Mr. John Clayton's management, upon the reopening of that house next month.

The new PANDORA Theatre will open with a pantomime on the subject of *The Yellow Dwarf*. This, however, must be contingent upon the house being ready by Christmas, on which point, we believe, Mr. Alfred Thompson is sanguine.

The performances of Miss Lila Clay and her company, "entirely ladies," at the OPERA COMIQUE prove to be something after the fashion of negro melodists, with the exception of a new musical sketch by Mr. Reece, music by Herr Meyer Lutz, entitled *On Condition*. The entertainments were, on the whole, only moderately successful.



THE NEW LAW COURTS were to be handed over to Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, First Commissioner of Works, on Thursday, on the completion of the building being certified by the architects, Messrs. Street and Blomfield. They will be opened by the Queen in person towards the end of November.

MR. JOHN PEARSON, Q.C., has been chosen to succeed Vice-Chancellor Hall in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice. The new Judge, who was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1844, and appointed Q.C. in 1866, will be liable to go circuit.—Mr. Eliot C. Bovill, barrister-at-law, has been nominated Chief Justice of Cyprus.

A CURIOUS OBJECTION was lodged by an election agent in the Southwark Registration Court, only to be dismissed by the Revising Barrister. The voter, a working man, paid four shillings a week rent, but this included occasional washing, and it was urged that if the value of the washing were deducted, the rent would fall below the statutory amount. The Revising Barrister, however, ruled that a voter ought not to be disfranchised because he occasionally had his shirt washed.

"TAKE HIM HOME and give him another two of whisky warm" was the off-hand prescription of a medical gentleman at Guy's, when a cabman, Walter Pilliner, was brought to the hospital undeniably the worse for drink, but also bleeding and half senseless; and the soundness of the advice was so fully recognised by one of the nurses that she even refused the patient's request for a glass of cold water. Half an hour after he had been taken home the cabman died of "concussion of the brain, with effusion." At the inquest a verdict was returned of accidental death; at the same time an opinion was expressed that there had been some want of common feeling on the part of the medical gentleman at Guy's.

SEVERAL PUBLICANS AT THE EAST END OF LONDON have been summoned by the Excise authorities for having in their possession solution of sugar for mixing with their beer as a substitute for malt; and fines have been inflicted, ranging from 20s. to 2l. In one case an attempt was made to show that "the solution of sugar" belonged to two men who had rented a kitchen from the publican, and used his pots for their own tea and coffee. But the public analyst utterly negated the suggestion that solution of sugar was residuum of tea.

A SINGULAR ATTEMPT TO KIDNAP A WIFE came up last week in the Marylebone Police Court. A Mr. Davy, a teacher of the deaf and dumb, had wooed and won his cousin, Miss Chiggy, a deaf-mute, but also a small heiress. Her mother consequently greatly objected to the match, and contrived to carry her daughter off and lodge her with some friends of the name of Mitchell, and when Mr. Davy, by a clever ruse, again obtained possession of his wife, he was set upon at the railway station by the Mitchells, and would have fared ill but for the interposition of the bystanders. The case was remanded for further hearing; Mrs. Davy being left for the time, notwithstanding "some hustling" even before the magistrate, in the possession of her husband. Next day, at the Middlesex Sessions, Mr. Davy was charged with stealing certain money of his mother-in-law's; but the Assistant Judge stopped the case, holding that the accused had reasonable ground for thinking the money in question was the property of his wife.

AT WORSHIP STREET, on Wednesday, Franz Felix Stumm, the master baker of St. Luke's, was committed to trial at the Central Criminal Court on a charge of forgery with intent to defraud the executors of the missing Urban Napoleon Stanger. The charge against Elizabeth Stanger, wife or widow of the missing man, was withdrawn. At the same Court, on Monday, William Evans, one of the executors under Stanger's will, was again remanded on a charge of fraudulent bankruptcy.

AN INGENUOUS CONSPIRACY to defraud the South Eastern Railway and the London Tramcar Company has been alleged this week against four men, Edward, Daniel, and Henry Levy, John Brown, a cabman, and Frederick John Kingwell. The scheme, according to the prosecution, was to contrive a collision with some vehicle belonging to these Companies, and then to prove by suborned evidence that the Company's men were to blame for reckless driving and their employers liable to pay heavy damages. Bail has been refused for all the prisoners excepting the cabman, Brown.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SCENE occurred this week at Sheffield on the occasion of the marriage of a Mr. Knowles Binns, a local attorney and member of the Town Council, to a Mrs. Ada Caroline Milne, a wealthy widow of Tunbridge Wells, who had made Mr. Binns's acquaintance through an advertisement in the *Matrimonial News*. The lady's brother was violently opposed to the match, alleging his sister to be of unsound mind, and at the last moment had provided a carriage and a party of men to take Mrs. Milne away by force until such time as an injunction could be obtained. But Mr. Binns was on the alert, and had secured the attendance of a score of constables, and a certificate from three doctors to the lady's sanity. The ceremony was performed by Canon Blakeney, who decided that he was bound to proceed with the marriage unless "just cause" could be shown against it.

THE PROPOSED EXPEDITION of Charles Orton and D. Smith to Australia, for the purpose of identifying the man Cresswell, is postponed on account of insufficiency of funds. An appeal has only produced 20s., in addition to the 100s. lodged in the Sydney Bank by the enthusiast who desires to see the last of the case.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES

THE shop yields to the store and the "emporium;" the small trader is overcome by his wealthier and more vigorous rival. And the changes of Fashion and the "wild vicissitudes of Taste" have to be taken into account.

The little Circulating Library is vanishing, if it has not already vanished. It may be found lingering here and there, falling out of the ranks for a little while, but it has received its marching orders. Of late, indeed, its vitality has been reduced so low, it has been so incapable of exerting or asserting itself in any way, that by many the fact that it ever existed has been wholly forgotten. What Miss Knag's brother was pleased to call his "Warehouse," however, should be remembered. It was a typical institution, "a shop about the size of three hackney coaches," situate in a by-street off Tottenham Court Road. Mr. Knag let out by the day, week, month, or year "the newest old novels," the titles whereof were displayed in pen-and-ink characters on a sheet of pasteboard swinging at his door-post. Mr. Knag consulted rather his inclinations than the duties of his position, when he devoted himself, as his sister informed Mrs. Nickleby, to reading "every novel that came out," or, as Miss Knag subsequently explained, "every novel that had any fashion in it, of course." For Mr. Knag was "so wrapped up in high life," the least allusion to business or worldly matters distracted him; he was himself supposed to be the author of novels in "three volumes, post octavo," and having been disappointed in love, and taking to writing about "blighted hopes and all that," had become a scorn of everything, and a genius.

The old small circulating libraries differed rather in degree than in kind. Their circulating powers might be more or less restricted, their books might be more or less out-of-date and effete, soiled, and smeared, but they were all conducted on like principles, their economy of existence was the same. Twopence per volume was their accustomed charge, with a monetary deposit of value, to cover risk of loss, when the borrower was a stranger. And what a family resemblance connected the volumes: all slacker half-bound, with uncut edges, marbled sides, brown roan backs, bluntly lettered, or with their titles inscribed on paper tickets; and, here and there, the name of the library indelibly printed on the pages, for identification of the book in case of its misappropriation! There were many other marks—stains of wine and beer, tea and coffee, perhaps even of tears, spreading blots of candle grease, with many dog's-ears and turned down corners—marking the reader's place. Did not Imogen bid her attendant fold down the leaf of that tale of Tereus she had been reading, "where Philomel gave up?" Did not Brutus, finding his book in the pocket of his gown, ask "Is not the leaf turned down where I left reading?" Time out of mind it has been the reader's way so to mark his progress through his book. But it does not help the book's seemliness. "And, O, the smell of that jasmine flower!" What an odour hung about that much-thumbed circulating library volume! What hints it conveyed of stale tobacco smoke, of the fumes of forgotten meals, of long abidance on a dusty shelf in the close corner of some ill-ventilated chamber, of general frowziness and most stifling fustiness! Yet assuredly the book had comforted many. It had been a pastime, it had cheered and amused, it had possibly induced forgetfulness of

suffering, and even assuaged pain. It had been "something to read"—and there are times when something, anything to read has its peculiar value, and, in a way, its alleviation or curative properties. The humblest of circulating libraries—the remote little village shop with its humble score of mouldy, battered, bygone old tomes—might boast its uses of this kind; and tell how solace and refreshment in some measure, even of late years, have been obtained from such time-worn treasures as the second volume of "Rinaldo Rinaldini," or the first of "The Children of the Abbey."

Fiction was "the only wear," almost the sole stock-in-trade of the old circulating library. And in times past Fiction was banned with a bad name. Old-fashioned censors were severe indeed upon the subject of novels and romances. Sir Anthony Absolute, it may be remembered denounced a circulating library as "an ever-green tree of diabolical mischief." He had met Miss Languish's maid with a book in each hand, "they were half-bound volumes with marble covers," and from that moment he had guessed how full of duty he should find her mistress. Certainly some of the books that the fair Lydia took care to hide upon the approach of her aunt were not of an improving sort. It was by way of a strong contrast that she substituted for them such exemplary works as "Fordyce's Sermons," and "Mrs. Chapone." And fifteen years before *The Rivals* of Sheridan, George Colman had found the same subject for satire in his farce of *Polly Honeycombe*. Polly is the prototype of Lydia, protesting that "a novel is the only thing to teach a girl life, and the way of the world, and elegant fancies and love to the end of the chapter," and bidding her nurse "call at the circulating library for the rest of the 'History of Sir George Trueman and Emilia,' and tell the bookseller to be sure and send 'The British Amazon,' and 'Tom Fiddle,' and the rest of the new novels as soon as they come out." Sir Anthony's opinion of the circulating library was anticipated by Polly's father, Mr. Honeycombe, when he declared that "a man might as well turn his daughter loose in Covent Garden as trust the cultivation of her mind to a circulating library." About this time it may be noted the Novel was ousting the more old-fashioned Romance in the estimation of the patrons of Fiction. In the prologue to Colman's farce it is stated:

But now the dear delight of later years,
The younger sister of Romance appears;
Less solemn in her air, her drift the same,
And Novel her enchanting charming name,
Romance might strike our grave forefather's pomp,
But Novel for our buck and lively romp!

It may be gathered that while the Novel presented sentimental pictures of contemporary life and manners, Romance dealt in high deeds of chivalry, tilts and tournaments, giants and dwarfs, talismans and magic wands, knights, genii, and castles, &c.

Hither in days of yore, from Spain or France,
Came a dread sorceress: her name Romance,
O'er Britain's isle her wayward spells she cast,
And Common Sense in magic chain bound fast;
In mad sublime did each fond lover woo,
And in heroics ran each billet doux, &c., &c.

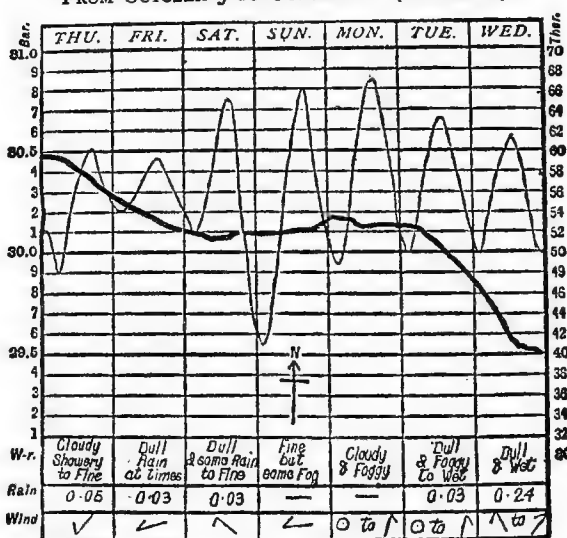
Steele's Biddy Tipkin, who may be reckoned as the ancestress both of Lydia Languish and Polly Honeycombe, knew nothing of novels, and probably did not borrow her books from a circulating library; but she adored romances. Her head was "full of shepherds, knights, flowery meads, groves, and streams," she delighted to read of "the fights and battles of dwarfs and giants;" and desired to be pictured as the Amazon Thalestris with a spear in her hand and her helmet on a table before her, and, with, in the distance, a black dwarf holding by the bridle her milk-white palfrey.

The fashionable watering-place was wont to boast of its libraries, counting their existence among its chief attractions. But now the sea-side seems to lean upon London for its books; the local libraries have taken their departure. At Brighton, for instance, where are now the libraries once reckoned among "the most celebrated public buildings of the Steyne," and "the principal resort of the visitors?" Nowadays the visitors resort elsewhere. These libraries were in truth less innocent than they seemed. They were not merely open for literary pursuits; their patrons did not frequent them simply "to lounge and peruse the newspaper," or to borrow "the last new novel of the day." After eight o'clock in the evening the reading-room was converted into something very like a gambling saloon. The blinds were drawn down and the dice box was produced. The company were beguiled with raffles, with "trinket auctions," and "loo sweepstakes." The magistrates interfered at last for the prevention of scandal, availing themselves of an old Act of Henry VIII. to suppress gamblers and games of chance. Gradually the libraries failed, and faded away; the majority of them may be said to have perished of their own dissoluteness. But these establishments differed somewhat from the circulating libraries of general experience.

D. C.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM OCTOBER 5 TO OCTOBER 11 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the commencement of this period the barometer was high generally, and an anti-cyclone lay to the northward of us, occasioning north-easterly and easterly winds, with dull weather and occasional rain. The next few days witnessed a gradual fall in the barometer, but little change occurred in the weather until the latter part of Saturday (7th inst.), when the sky cleared somewhat. In a short time pressure became very uniform, the wind fell almost to a calm, and the weather became very quiet, with fog in the early mornings, and cloudy skies during the remainder of the day. On Tuesday (10th inst.), however, depressions began to advance over us from the southward, and by Wednesday (11th inst.) the weather had become exceedingly wet and unsettled. Temperature has been high for the time of year throughout the week, and on Monday (9th inst.) the thermometer rose to a maximum of 67°. The barometer was highest (30.47 inches) on Thursday (12th inst.); lowest (29.51 inches) on Wednesday (11th inst.); range, 0.96 inches. Temperature was highest (67°) on Monday (9th inst.); lowest (41°) on Sunday (8th inst.); range, 36°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 0.38 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.24 inches, on Wednesday (11th inst.).

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OPERA. Music by R. PLANQUETTE, Composer of the "Cloches de Corneville." English version by H. B. FARNIE, performed at the Comedy Theatre.
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With one manual, from 66 guineas.
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THE DIPLOMA OF HONOUR and GOLD MEDAL, South Africa, 1877.
THE GRAND MEDAL OF HONOUR and DIPLOMA OF MERIT, Philadelphia, 1876.
The DIPLOMA OF HONOUR, Paris, 1874, and the HONORARY MEMBERSHIP OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF FRANCE.
THE GOLD MEDAL, Paris, 1870.
THE DIPLOMA OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT Netherlands International Exhibition, 1869.
THE MEDAL OF HONOUR, Paris, 1867.
THE PRIZE MEDAL, London, 1862, &c.

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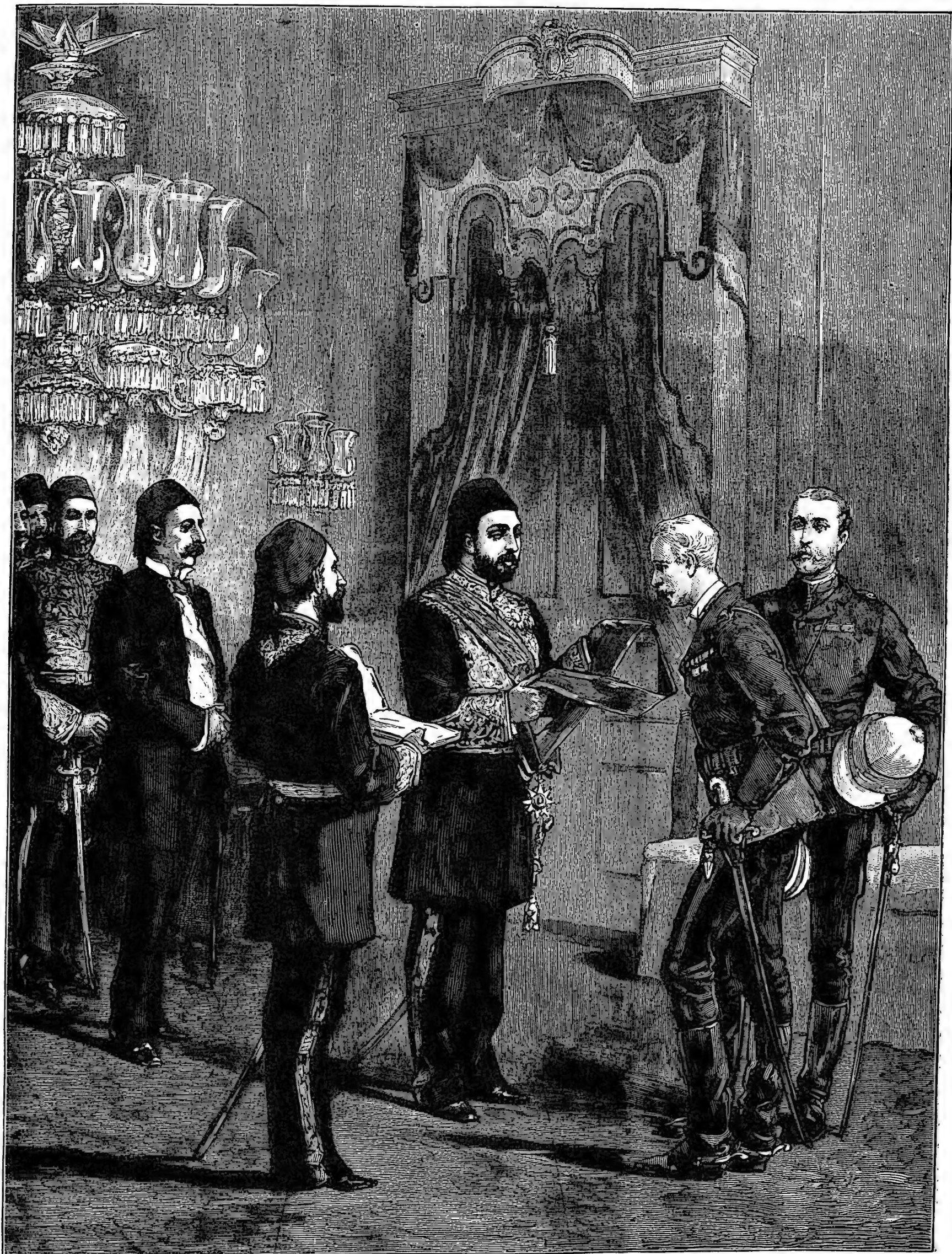
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Only the most enthusiastic love of their profession could possibly have sustained the neophytes in the misery, slavery, and hardships they had to go through before their abilities could attain any recognition. In those days the stage-struck youth or maiden could not by the aid of a friendly introduction and a few lessons from some well-known actor obtain an appearance upon the London stage, and disgust a critical audience with inane lisps and raw attempts. Neither Garrick, nor Rich, nor the Kembles would have dreamed of putting such an insult upon their patrons. No, the young gentleman or lady, be they who they might, would have had to rough it as their great prototypes had done before them. What roughing it meant may be gathered from the theatrical memoirs of the last and the present century, particularly from those of Charlotte Charke (Colley Cibber's daughter), Lee Lewes, Riley's Itinerant, and many others. Besides the fear of starvation, there was the fear of the law, which sometimes drove the poor wretches out of the town as if they had been lepers, and sometimes consigned them to a prison as vagrants. Their poverty was something appalling, twenty shillings would be regarded as a good night's takings, and yet when all charges were paid the company seldom got more than would pay for a stock supper; sometimes they could not obtain even that. A shirt and a pair of stockings between two, which had to be shifted as each was required upon the stage, was a common condition; and clothes had frequently to be borrowed from good-natured patrons before the ladies and gentlemen could appear for their delectation. Romeo would give forth his impassioned utterances standing in a muddy pool formed by the rain dripping through the broken roof of the barn, and if the ground happened to be of stiff clay he sometimes found it impossible to extricate his foot without leaving his shoe behind, while Juliet babbled of nightingales and pomegranate trees with chattering teeth and nose rasped by the piercing December blast.

The promotion from this to the small circuits, even though the pay of the leading actor seldom exceeded one guinea per week, must have seemed like a translation to Paradise. The manager leased some half-dozen theatres, more or less, and in passing from one to the other continued to keep his company employed throughout the year; the same pieces, all sterling comedies and tragedies, with, at a later date, a few melodramas, were repeated over and over again; this was a great advantage to the actor, since, should he ever attain the dream of his ambition, an appearance at the great London theatres, he would be able to select one of his best-studied parts for his *début*. In these towns old favourites were greatly respected, and their arrival and return were looked forward to by the country gentry, who seldom or ever made a journey to the metropolis, as among the great events of the year. Then there was the benefit in each town, which swelled the actor's small stipend to respectable dimensions. There was a considerable deal of humiliation attached to this custom, at least we should think so nowadays, for a good house was only to be obtained by much personal solicitation. The wives usually performed this duty, sometimes with a string of children to emphasise their appeal, and not only had the gentry to be solicited in this fashion, but the play-going butcher and baker as well. And on the night of the performance the actor and his wife and his little ones had to present and curtsy their grateful thanks to their kind patrons. So imperative was this custom that on one of these occasions a *beneficiaire* actually carried his wife upon his back before the curtain, as she was too ill to walk.

Nevertheless, the fine old stock companies which used to delight our fathers at the patent theatres, at the Haymarket, the Adelphi, came out of the barn and the old circuits, and if the end justifies the means, it was certainly justified in their case. The little advantage that may be gained by securing an actor whose peculiar style or appearance more particularly adapts him to a certain part than any member of the stock company is more than counterbalanced by the absence of that cohesion, that *esprit de corps* which pervades an old-established company, and makes them act together with that harmony, that give and take, that perfect knowledge of each other's strength and weakness, which can only be compared to a fine band that has long been under the control of one conductor. Managers have to pay dearly for this system, since the man or woman who is engaged only for the run of a piece, and has no certainty whether the engagement may last for a month or a year, naturally demands a large salary. Specialists, too, become very inelastic as artists, through, as it were, grinding away continually upon one tune.

The inordinately long runs of plays put legitimate training out of the question. A young aspirant, who, according to the fashion of the day, commences his career upon the London stage, may not perform half-a-dozen parts in half that number of years, while the organised travelling companies go on repeating the same piece in town after town, and year after year as long as the public will endure it. The effect of such narrow training is painfully perceptible in some even of the most eminent London actors; while personating the lines of character to which they are accustomed they are admirable artists, but let them move out of their groove, or doff the costume and manners of the nineteenth century and assume the velvet coat and powdered wig of the eighteenth, and they are failures. Contrast with these products of the new system those who, to mention three shining examples, Mr. Irving, Mrs. Kendal, and Mrs. Bancroft, have passed through the healthy drudgery of the old provincial theatres, in which the performance was changed nightly, and the same actor had to perform in comedy, tragedy, farce, melodrama, and burlesque, and in all respectably, and imagine him or herself at different times the denizen of every country upon the face of the earth, and of every age, from Alexander to Victoria. In the course of this rough training they were certain to discover their true *forte*, while they acquired an ease, an elasticity, and an adaptability to their conceptions and performances that no other method could impart. It was thus that Mr. Irving learned to play Louis the Eleventh and Mathias, Eugene Aram and Jeremy Diddler, Doricourt and Digby Grant. See Mrs. Kendal in comedy, and you would suppose she could play nothing else, see her in a pathetic part, and you would believe humour to be

impossible to her; and the same may be said of the actress so inimitable as Polly Eccles, so unsurpassable in the second act of *Sweethearts*. It would be difficult to quote the name of any rising artists who promise the same infinite variety. And no dramatic school, no species of pupillage, will ever supply the place of practice and hard work.

Having dwelt so long upon the unfavourable aspects of modern dramatic art, let us examine the other side of the picture—the change that has taken place in the social status of the actor. Thank Heaven we have at last got rid of “the poor player.” That single epithet of Shakespeare's, which he certainly never intended should be taken in the sense it has pleased most people to attach to it, and which in the mouths of friends and foes alike has been a brand of degradation, has done more injury to the theatrical profession than even the Puritanism which wholly condemns it. It has created an image as typical as the top-booted, obese animal which we delight in believing to be the representative Englishman; a miserable-looking creature in patched trousers, cracked boots, a frock coat, tightly buttoned-up to conceal the absence of linen; cadaverous features, pinched with hunger, who lives in a garret in a chronic state of starvation, and has an inordinate partiality for spirituous liquors. That the type has existed, and does exist, cannot be denied, but it is no more representative of the profession than certain clerical and legal outcasts that we occasionally come across are of the Church and the Law. The actor himself has rather delighted in this portrait, in exaggerating his poverty, in being, in theory at least, very “umble”; he seldom spoke at a dinner without introducing some reference to the “poor player,” and endeavouring in a half serious, half-jesting spirit to impress his hearers with an idea of the general impecuniosity of his profession. Who can wonder then that the vulgar have regarded him with scorn, and even his best friends with a mixture of pity and contempt?

Formerly, when an actor was received in society it was apologetically, patronisingly, with a sort of “Well, we know it is not quite the thing, but he is so clever, so different from the rest,” &c., sort of air; and until recently no actor dreamed of being received upon any other footing. Mr. Irving, in his excellent little pamphlet, “The Stage As It Is,” does well in rejecting this false position; he claims, and justly, that the stage should be ranked among the liberal professions, and that its members should be placed upon the same footing; in fine, that if they be ladies and gentlemen they should enjoy the privileges of such without favour or prejudice. And society has already acknowledged this right, actors and actresses are received everywhere, in the very highest circles, not as toys, or monsters to amuse impertinent curiosity, but as respected guests. The dinner at Marlborough House gave a considerable impetus to this movement.

The large salaries which are now given to actors of even mediocre abilities, and, above all, the advance in social position which has been accorded them, are attracting men and women of good family and high education to the stage; indeed, we are advancing rapidly towards the realisation of that cartoon which appeared some time back in *Punch*, where the daughter of a Duke is explaining to the old-fashioned and horrified governess how one of her sisters is studying for the opera, another for an artist, the third for the stage. No amount of theorising, preaching, denouncing, criticising, no number of Church and Stage Guilds, or Exeter Hall tea-meetings, will do so much for the elevation of the drama and its exponents as the recognition of their claims to be judged, not by an artificial standard erected for the nonce to meet the case of some celebrity, but on their personal merits. The man who has attained social position is necessarily more circumspect than the mere Bohemian against whom Society closes its doors, and who consequently is pretty sure to take a delight in outraging its observances.

H. BARTON BAKER

LILIES FROM SCILLY

PROGRESS in the means of locomotion is taking Londoners and the people of the large towns farther afield for their holidays. Among the many out-of-the-way places that have attracted tourists of late years have been the Scilly Islands, so long familiar to the yachtsman.

The passing visitor is apt only to skim the surface of the life of the places he sees, if he even does that, and would never have imagined that, during this summer, Scilly has been throbbing with the excitement of new commercial enterprise. It is so, however. As it may make matters clearer, and interest the curious, I will take a brief survey of the history of Scilly for the last eighty or a hundred years.

During the eighteenth century the agricultural produce of the islands consisted of barley and potatoes. The seaweed along the coasts had been burnt into kelp and exported for use in the manufacture of glass. After the Seven Years' War a considerable garrison was maintained, and an easterly wind brought in fleets of the small sailing vessels which then carried on British trade.

The War with the French Republic and with Napoleon increased prosperity and population. Convoys occasionally put in. The garrison was increased. The roadstead was the headquarters of a squadron, commanded by Sir Edward Pellew; and for privateering the position of the islands afforded facilities not lost on a port which possessed a considerable number of skilled boatmen.

The close of the French War put an end to the convoys, the squadron, the garrison, and privateering. Scilly was thrown back upon her old means of subsistence,—agriculture and wind-bound sailing vessels. The kelp industry also failed about this time, and there was a good deal of genuine distress, so much so, as to attract the attention of benevolent people in the neighbouring Island of Great Britain.

This period of tribulation was not long-lived. Some enterprising spirits started ship-building and ship-owning, and the vessels were not only built and owned, but largely manned in Scilly. Mr. Augustus Smith, who had recently purchased the archipelago, helped to restore the equilibrium between supply and demand by drastic methods of expatriation.

In an evil day for Scilly iron ships were built, and in a season of commercial depression ship-building ceased. Ship-owning “followed suit” in a few years' time. Neither had the islands kept pace with other places as a port. More vessels went to Falmouth and Queenstown, fewer came to Scilly. The east wind now only damaged the crops; it brought in no weather-bound ships. Where formerly the roadstead was full it was now empty. Steamers could be seen going up Channel in the teeth of an easterly gale with an ungrateful disregard of the shelter offered them. The direction of the wind became a matter of such indifference that there were many old boatmen who, in their despondency, lost their character for being weatherwise; and a cockney tourist has been known to inquire as to the direction of the wind without eliciting any satisfactory response. Everybody began to shake their heads and say that it was all up with Scilly. The commercial gloom became oppressive. It was evident that something must be done; and then,—well, then,—somebody had a Happy Thought.

The present editor of *Punch* has had many “Happy Thoughts.” Whether they are financially productive is best known to himself and his publishers. This fact, however, is certain, the Scillonians intend to make money out of theirs. How it originated nobody knows, and it does not matter. The question would only interest a historian or a philosopher. Everybody wondered that it had occurred to no one before. It was like Columbus's practical joke with the egg, so simple when discovered.

It was known, of course, that London and the other big towns

liked new potatoes, and that Scilly, owing to its mild winters and the fertility of its soil, could supply them earlier than other places, and be rewarded for its expedition with high prices. But people being naturally conservative, it took a long time to argue from potatoes to asparagus and tomatoes. At last the mental process was performed, and Scilly exported three articles of agricultural produce. It was accepted, therefore, as a general truth, that, owing to climatic conditions, Scilly could sell food that Londoners would buy at high prices. Having got so far, it was open to any one to inquire if potatoes, asparagus, and tomatoes were all that mild winters could do for the islands. Then our Scillonian Columbus answered “Flowers, flowers, for the English markets, flowers in winter, when the English gardens are blasted by the frost, flowers that soothe our regrets for the lost summer; no hot-house nurselings either, but fresh from the gardens of the Cassiterides.”

Of course, no one except the present writer would have indulged in the foregoing rhapsody, but it expresses the fact of the new current of thought. At first people only shook their heads. The idea was attractive and pretty; but then it was so new. However, it was tried first by a few more enterprising spirits than the rest on a small scale. The results were satisfactory. The flowers sent to London repaid amazingly for the expense and labour bestowed on them. They were principally marguerites, narcissus, and lilies of many varieties. The mild Scillonian winter had allowed them to bloom, when an English frost would have killed them.

The commercial success of the venture was so great that most of the farmers laid out a portion of their farms for the culture of winter flowers. Many people broke up fresh ground into gardens, and have been busy planting lilies, wallflowers, mignonette, and marguerites for the ensuing winter. Above all, the narcissus is the chief object of solicitude.

The names that glorify a florist's catalogue are now familiar to lips unacquainted but a short time ago with so much learning. “Jaune suprême” and “Albus plenus odoratus,” two varieties of the narcissus, are household words. Even children struggle, not always unsuccessfully, with such names as “Grand Soleil d'or,” “Grootvorst,” “Von Sion,” and “Staten-Generaal.” It is said that many years ago an old Scillonian, being asked how his fellow-islanders lived, answered briefly “Scads and taties.” He would find more than the telephone to wonder at, if returning to life he learned that to their sources of livelihood his descendants had added “*Atrosanguineum maculatum*” or “*Bazelman major*.” Moreover those who, with Professor Max Müller, study the Science of Language, and are interested in the question of phonetic decay, may see it at Scilly in rapid progress, and find that the sea air, so kindly to the flowers, plays havoc with their scientific nomenclature. Yet as “a rose by any other name will smell as sweet,” so other flowers may pay their producers just as well, although their names suffer at their place of birth.

Presupposing there is a demand for winter flowers, Scilly can produce an unlimited supply, and prices must fall considerably before this new industry fails to be remunerative. The approaching winter will be decisive. Tens of thousands of valuable bulbs are already in the soil; and if all go well, the London florists will not lack flowers when Christmas is come. I have no doubt that when England is frost-bound, Scilly's gardens will be full of bloom, and when the landscapes are white without, the possessors of many a bright bouquet will scarcely know that it was plucked but yesterday from the flower-beds of the Cassiterides.

FRANK BANFIELD



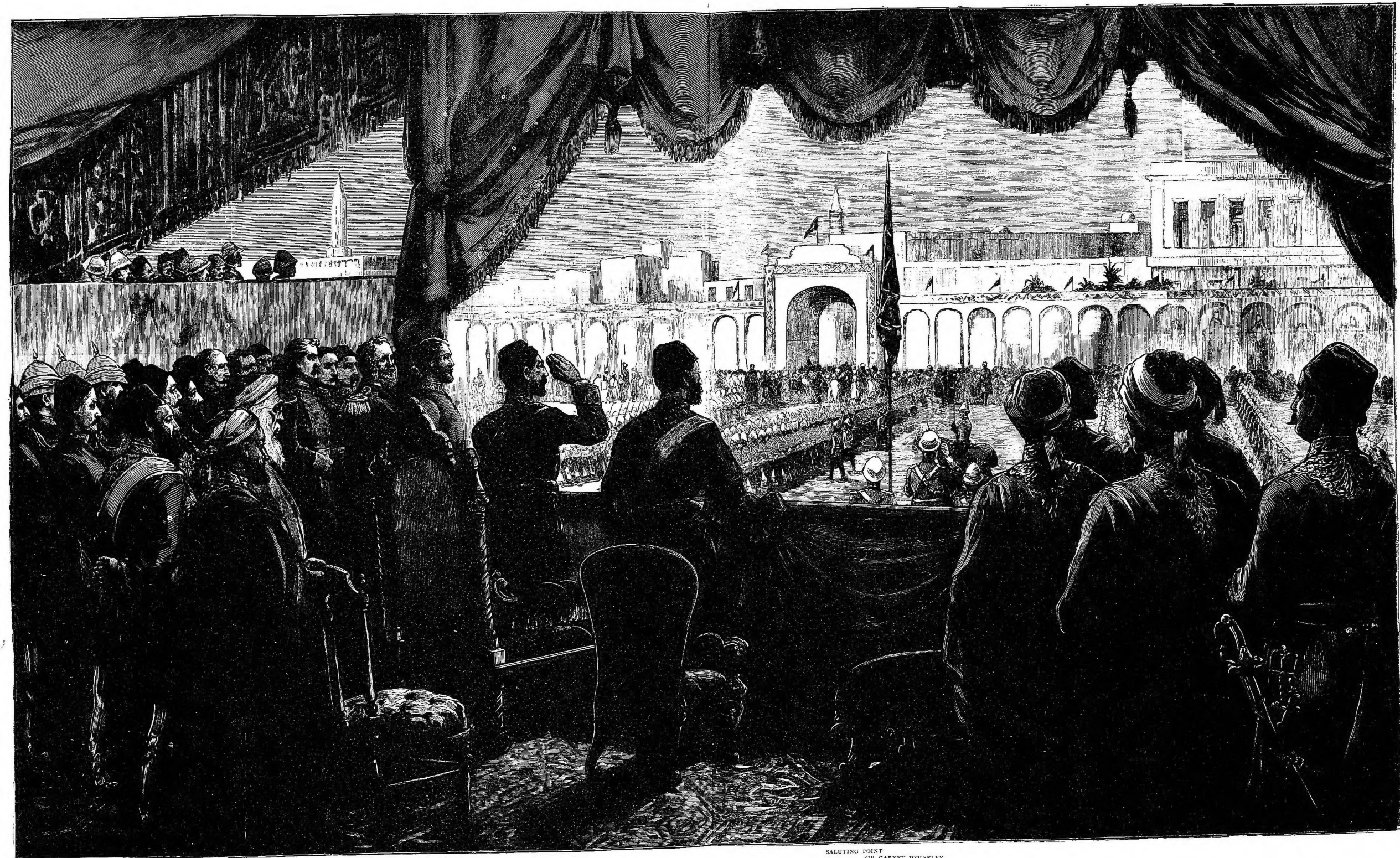
II.

UNDER the heading of “The Russian Bayard” Mr. Kinnaird Rose contributes to the *Fortnightly* a striking sketch of the late General Skobelev—perhaps the most remarkable single figure in recent military history. It may not be universally known that “the White Pasha” was almost as much a student as a soldier, a devourer of books on military science, an accomplished scholar, and a linguist who spoke ten languages, besides one or two Central Asian dialects. Mr. Rose's sketch is the best account we have of a man whose name will live in Russian history with Suwarrow's.—The Hon. St. John Brodrick writes somewhat gloomily of the causes which have made recent legislative attempts to improve the “Homes of the Poor” both ineffectual and unpopular—relieving some districts only to overcrowd others, and burdening ratepayers with enormous sums for compensation.—Mr. A. Shaw gives in his “Local Government in America” a valuable synopsis of the system of local administration, known generally throughout the Union as the New England “township system,” which has been, wherever it has made its way, the great training-school of the multitude in the principles of practical politics; and the Editor takes his leave of his readers in a “Valedictory” review of the story of the *Fortnightly* from its birth, with special reference to the then novel experiments of signed articles and popular discussion of high philosophic questions. Has either had the results which some expected in their first enthusiasm? “Speculation has,” indeed, “become democratised;” but is this only after all a more general desire for something piquant about Creeds and Churches? Signed articles may have increased “personal responsibility;” but do they not also tempt the reader “to think more of the literary or social ‘star’ who speaks, than of the precise value of what he says?”

In *Macmillan* “Thoughts Suggested by Mr. Mozley's ‘Oxford Reminiscences’”—a paper written by the Archbishop of Canterbury a very short time before his serious illness—is interesting, not merely from the circumstance of its authorship, but as completing the general view of the religious movement in Oxford forty years ago by bringing out in full relief the wide and deep influence exercised by Arnold. “No statement,” writes Dr. Tait, “can be more utterly untrue than that which makes Arnold the father of modern scepticism. His life and letters set forth that view of Christian teaching which approves itself to the consciences of the vast majority of intelligent persons throughout the kingdom.”—Professor Seeley's “Expansion of England in the Eighteenth Century” is an able paper on the true connection and purpose of the interminable wars in which this country was engaged through all that period—wars which, though seemingly without an object, were all so many steps in the hundred years' struggle for Empire with France, in which Canada and India were the victor's prizes.

In the *New Church Quarterly* the most interesting articles are the critical: and of these, again, by far the most enjoyable is a review of “Mozley's Reminiscences,” genial in tone, and full of intimate knowledge of the men and of the times; and next, perhaps, to this is a critique of “Holland's Logic and Life, and Other Sermons,” which will make many acquainted for the first time with a new preacher of very original power.

In the *Modern Review* Mr. Russell Martineau contributes a readable account of Dr. Kuenen's “Hibbert Lectures,” and Professor Upton the first part of an article on “Dr. Martineau's and Mr. Pollock's ‘Spinoza.’”—Dr. Abbott arrives after a lengthy examination of “Justin's Use of the Fourth Gospel” at the conclusion that the Gospel in question was not regarded in the first century as Apostolic, and that it won its way within the next hundred years into the Canon of Scripture in an uncritical age by virtue of its “intrinsic power.”



ULEMAS

GERMAN ATTACHÉ

SIR BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR

SIR E. MALET

THE KHEDEVE

SALUTING POINT

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY

THE WAR IN EGYPT—THE GRAND REVIEW OF THE BRITISH ARMY AT CAIRO, SEPTEMBER 80: VIEW FROM THE KHEDEVE'S PAVILION

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

There is nothing in *Blackwood* quite first-class except Mrs. Oliphant's "The Ladies Lindores," but this is very good indeed, with some delightful comedy in the description of the successful efforts of the old Scotch servants in preparing a grand dinner for the house-warming of their young master, John Erskine. Notices of Mr. Broadley's book on "Tunis" and of Ch. Ferguson's "Life of Henry Erskine" are also very readable.—*Belgravia*, besides its three clever serials, has another of Mr. Boyle's wild tales of romance and adventure in the East, and some pleasant wanderings by Mrs. Macquoid among the Yorkshire hills.—In *Temple Bar* Mabel Collins and John Lillie tell very agreeably how Madame Modjeska, by dint of patient study, with occasional hints from friendly managers, advanced from acting boy's parts in operettas to the rank of leading tragedienne—a story after the heart of the late George Sand.

The shiver with which we note another article in the *Gentleman's* on "Charles Reade"—the third in three consecutive months—will pass away with examination of its contents; for "Ouida's" reasoned criticism, at once appreciative and discriminating, is a welcome contrast to the shouting eulogy which her precursors seemed to think essential to do justice to Mr. Reade's mental and bodily attractions.—Miss Cumming writes about "A Californian Forest" so pleasantly that we forgive the hackneyed nature of the subject; and Mr. Proctor has an amusing paper—"Pyramidal Prophecies and Egyptian Events"—on some recent attempts to discover in the Great Pyramid a prediction of the date at which the present dispensation ends.

In the *Century* Mr. Howells draws the curtain on the cleverly-drawn heroes and heroines of his "Modern Instance," in a sort of *Vanitas Vanitatum* spirit compared with which Thackeray's slightly cynic tone is positively genial.—Mr. Chilton gives some hitherto unpublished letters of Charles Lamb, addressed to Mr. J. H. Pain, an American playwright who sought fortune in the Old World without success, and died in 1852 United States Consul at Tunis; and Mr. Farnum tells, in a simple fashion, how Ismail Pasha finally "concluded to present" America with an obelisk.

In *Harper* are some further "Strolls in Surrey," some pretty sketches of the vineyards of "Southern California," and of Spanish Monterey, where even now the visitor from other portions of the State will find that no English is spoken; and a curious memoir of John Cleves Symmes of Ohio, a personage who might have been one of Jules Verne's heroes, and who was fully persuaded that the earth is made up of concentric spheres, and that we have only to penetrate to the Pole to find the opening to an unclaimed domain, an "Erewhon," which lies beneath our feet.

A new series of the old *United Service Magazine* commences under new management with several fair papers, among them a powerful, but highly imaginative, sketch by Lucien Woolf, "The Greater Struggle in Egypt," or the still unended war between Supernaturalism and Rationalism, the former represented by Egyptian Paganism and Alexandrine Christianity, the latter by philosophic Judaism; and the interesting log of the *Berthon* lifeboat on her recent voyage across the Bay of Biscay to Southampton.

From Messrs. Haddon and Co. we have received some numbers of the *Tropical Agriculturist*, for naturalists and planters, published at Colombo at the office of the *Ceylon Observer*. Vol. I appears to contain a variety of useful articles on the cultivation of the chinchona, the introduction of Liberian coffee into Ceylon, the tea-plantations of India, and similar topics.

Amongst the Art Periodicals for October, the *Magazine of Art* makes the best show, and (what is better) is the best value. Its illustrations are very far from what they ought to and might be; but some of them are interesting, and one at least is notable. This is, the frontispiece, taken from Millet's beautiful and very characteristic "Bergère Gardant son Troupeau." As wood-engraving, it is open to criticism: the linework of the sky is common and quite out of harmony with the texture of the rest. But the fine feeling of the original has not been entirely missed, and on the whole the block conveys a faithful impression of its dignity and pathos. The description, too, is sympathetic and true, and remarkably well written. We fail to see why "A Representative American," by S. G. W. Benjamin, is honoured with the first place. The article is very bad as an article, and the subject is of no particular interest. The portrait of Mr. Eastman Johnson, however, is a respectable piece of white line wood-engraving.—Miss M. A. Wallace-Dunlop contributes some interesting notes on "Kabyle Pottery," a subject which, we take it, will be new to most readers, and as entertaining as new. Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse has a thoroughly good and instructive article on "The Harbingers of the Renaissance," founded on M. Muntz's recently published work. The subject is too wide for treatment in a notice necessarily brief; but Mr. Monkhouse has something to say worth saying, and he says it very well. Miss Jane E. Harrison (the new editor seems to fascinate lady-writers, if we may judge from the number whose names figure in the present issue and in the list of contributors to the new volume) commences a series of papers on "Greek Myths in Greek Art," her initial contribution dealing very ably and very pleasantly with the Judgment of Paris as illustrated in the vase paintings. Miss Harrison has the gift of making singularly attractive a subject usually considered dull; and her paper will stimulate many to intelligent interest in an Art epoch rich with teachings of the greatest value. Some anecdotes of "Studio Life in Paris" are entertaining; one of Horace Vernet in particular; but the illustrations are badly drawn, and very badly cut. Miss Julia Cartwright's "Cathedral of Orvieto" is rather bulbous in style; and if the view of the central door were not tasteless, it would be spoiled by the detestable black line round the edge. A note on "Keramics in Japan," by "W. E. H." is pleasant enough, but by no means in his best manner; and the "Art Notes," as interesting as ever, close a very good and varied number.

The frontispiece to the *Art Journal* is an etching of St. Mary-le-Strand, seen from the picturesque junction of Drury Lane and Wych Street. The plate is effective; but this aspect of the steeple is not the best. Mr. Richard Welford's "Newcastle-on-Tyne" is not worth much as description, being slight and brief; whilst the illustrations are extremely poor. Mr. Stephens concludes (somewhat abruptly) his notes on John Linnell; and a review of Sir Charles Wilson's "Picturesque Palestine" enables the editor to reproduce from that work a singularly bright, airy, and refreshing view of "Taanach from the Waters of Megiddo," admirably engraved by Mr. Whymper.—"The Bearing of Draughtsmanship upon Design" (surely a clumsy title) is an ingenious short paper by Mr. Ingress Bell on an interesting point.—"Examples of Artistic Metal Work" is continued, with some exceptionally good specimens. No. 78—a pass-key of Elizabeth's time—if we mistake not, has been traditionally assigned as originally the property of Mary, Queen of Scots.—The *fac-simile* (this month is of a drawing by Leonardo da Vinci in the British Museum—a "Head of an Old Man"—and one of the finest in the collection. These *fac-similes*, as a rule, are the most valuable feature of this periodical.

Art and Letters commences its second volume with a rather dull number. The article on Franz Hals is extremely slight, but the *fac-simile* of Van de Velde's engraving after the master's fine portrait of Scriverius is a notable feature.—The best illustration to "Pompeii and the Museum of Naples" is an engraving of a statue at the latter treasure-house—"Hermes Resting;" the line-work in the figure is intelligent and expressive.—"The Fan: Its History and Its Use," is the first of a series: the subject seems popular just now, but has been better treated elsewhere.—The fifth instalment of "Modern Landscapes" is disappointing, consisting as it does of commonplace generalities, and some reflections on Linnell and Cecil Lawson,

which, in view of the forthcoming exhibitions of those painters' works, should be received *cum grano*.

The *Portfolio* shows a slight improvement on last month's issue, which, however, is not saying very much. The frontispiece, after Poole's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," is old-fashioned, but not ineffective in its way; and Mr. Chambers Lefroy's paper on "The Ruined Abbeys of Yorkshire" is readable.—Mr. William Sharp's essay on "Pictorialism in Verse," with particular reference to Rossetti, is hard, pedantic, and amateurish. We prefer his numerous quotations by themselves—that is to say, without his laboured "explanations," which are a signal contrast with lines from Shakespeare and Burns, and even from Rossetti himself.—Miss Julia Cartwright commences a series on "Assisi;" and Mr. Hamerton continues his thoughtful papers on "Autun."



MESSRS. FORSYTH BROTHERS.—The German custom of making vocal music a regular study in schools is steadily gaining ground, and this system creates a demand for easy arrangements of popular melodies which has been met by many adaptors, and by none more effectively than Frederick N. Löhr, whose series of "School Songs," for equal voices in unison and in two and three parts, are very excellent. In unison Bishop's "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Banks of Allan Water;" for two voices, "I Know a Bank" (Horn), "Where the Bee Sucks" (Arne), and "Sporting Fairies" (H. Löhr); for three voices "Gipsy Chorus" (Weber), "Oft in the Stilly Night" (Moore), and "Loreley," a German *Volslied*. There are many others, besides the above-named, equally well arranged and calculated for teaching young beginners.—A quaint little love ditty for a tenor is "Margery Daw," both words by F. E. Weatherly and music by W. A. Cruickshank, are bright and pleasing.—A new and enlarged edition of Charles Halle's "Practical Pianoforte School" has been recently published to the mutual benefit of teacher and pupil. Section 1, "Elementary;" Section 2, "Easy;" Section 3, "Moderately Difficult;" Section 4, "Very Difficult." The sections are subdivided into numerous books or parts. The complete series may be had in nine volumes, and will prove a safe guide to a sound musical education.—After having thoroughly mastered the three first sections of the "Practical Pianoforte School," three very pretty pieces by Georges Mickenz will soon be learned by heart. They are entitled respectively "Pétite Polonaise," "Prière de Mignon" (*Andante Religieux*), prettiest of the group, and "Pépita," a *Polka Élégante*.—Equally attractive in their way are three pianoforte pieces by W. Smallwood, "Twelfth Night," a sketch *à la minut*; "By the Stream," a sketch; and "Lyla," a mazurka.—"Morceau Chantant" is the appropriate title of a graceful piece for the violin and pianoforte, by Cortez Perera.

C. JEFFERYS.—A useful and well-written bass song is "A King Without a Crown," written and composed by Claxson Bellamy and Fred W. Lacey.—A taking song for a seaside concert is "Merrily O" (Song of the Fisher).—An after-dinner piece for the drawing-room is "Danse Légère" (Air de Ballet), by Giacomo Ferraris; the same composer sends us a very danceable polka, "Highland Lassies," and "La Speranza Valse;" the graceful floral frontispiece is a considerable addition to its attraction.—From Willem Vandervell come a spirited gavotte, called "Irene," and "Sage Nicht" (Don't Tell), a brisk and original mazurka.—Quite worthy of its title is "Queen Anne" (*Danse Ancienne*), by Alma Sanders.

THE WAGES OF THE MINER

THE dread of what is entirely improbable and almost impossible, a general strike of the miners, has brought our coal-getters and their wages again into public interest. It is a calling that the public knows less of than of probably any other which furnishes subsistence in Great Britain for half-a-million persons. Dispersed over a dozen districts there are close upon half-a-million miners, not all, however, coal miners, but all employed in and at mines "registered under the Coal Mines Act" as the technical description puts it. Yorkshire—although not the largest producing district—has in its two southernmost Ridings the largest number—over 60,000—and these are almost exclusively coal miners; and Durham, South Wales, Lancashire, and one or two others are the largest of the producing districts, and the largest employers of miners' labour. And it is worthy of note that although the labour of females and minors has been discouraged, there are still employed at the mines of Great Britain 4,374 boys under thirteen years and 4,715 females!

As to the work of the half-million, or those out of their number who are hewers and drawers of coal, there is a more general knowledge, but even that is only of an inadequate nature. The miner proper whose work is that which gives the result, and on whom all the others are more or less attendants, is the worker in the coal-pit. And out of the half-million—or, in exact figures, 495,477—there are not fewer than 399,387 who are employed underground. Not all of these are hewers—there are many trades at work "down in the deep dark mine." The hewer, the putter, the driver, the furnace-man, the attendants on horses, on cages, on air-courses, and many others find employment in the many passages that lead away in many a seam from the shaft. In the mine all the labour is that of male miners, but it is regrettable that there is included that of boys of from ten years upwards. Above ground there is in one or two districts a not inconsiderable amount of female labour—Staffordshire, Lancashire, and one or two other districts having an unenviable precedence in the employment, in this undesirable method and service, of women, though the amount of the feminine work done at the mines is happily now diminishing.

The results of the labour of the mines vary greatly according to the thickness of the seam of coal, according to its hardness, and to other circumstances. No exact average of the production of the hewer can be given, for it varies in different pits, and there is a still greater variation in many of the districts. But if the 154,000,000 tons of coal raised in the United Kingdom be divided by the number of the whole of the persons employed in and about the mines, the average production for last year was about 310 tons of coal per person. Thus, if the coal at the pit produced seven shillings per ton, the labour of each person, together with the value of the coal, and any profit that the landowner and the mine-owner would receive, would represent about 105% per year. Of course, the production of the working miner is far more than 310 tons yearly, but it is fair to state the average thus, for the attendants on the mine are almost as needful as the hewer in the conveyance of the coal from the pit, and in keeping it in a condition to allow of its safe working from time to time.

As to the question of the pay of the miner there is still greater variation, for whilst the fluctuation of the production affects it, it is still more varied by the working of short time or of overtime, and by the "Saint Mondays" that are taken increasingly when the wages rise. Where the arrangements under "sliding scales" prevail, it is true that there is often a county average or a district average taken as a standard, and to this there is an attempt to level up or down as the case may be; but the attempt is not always successful; and outside of the areas affected by these arrangements every miner's wage

may vary according to the time the pit is worked, the quality of its coal, and other causes. A statement, officially vouched for, of the actual wages on the average of one of the chief collieries in Scotland, where the production is fully an average, shows that the miners worked 284 days in a year, and that each man in the pit produced 1,070 tons. The actual sum received for this was 57*l.* 3*s.* 0*d.*; but deductions were made for the doctor, the school, &c., and in the year taken as a typical one, the average sum received by each miner in the large mine was 55*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* Since that time wages have advanced; and it is now estimated by one of those most fully conversant with the question that the average wage of the miners in one of the chief of our coal districts that may be fairly taken as a typical one, is from five shillings to six shillings and sixpence per working day. And with coal at the pit at the low price named, with an increasing cost of working under conditions now demanded by legislation, and with heavy royalties, it is scarcely possible to pay more. Indeed, in many instances, the cost of the carriage of coal is many times that of the winning of it. The hewer may receive his 1*s.* 6*d.* per ton, but other costs of working, royalties, railway transit, London dues, and other impositions, raise the coal to 1*l.* per ton before it is sold to the consumer on the banks of the Thames. That consumer often harshly criticises the pitman, but it is in ignorance of the fact that it is to the middleman and the "common carriers" that fuel owes its high price; and that at the best it is a small part that the miner receives for his long and laborious and dangerous toil many times "full fathom five" below the surface, and away from the light of the sun, the sight of the sky, and the beauty of trees, and the scent of flowers. The stories of the "champagne" he "drank," of the "first-class carriages" he rode in, and his other extravagances in the period of the "coal famine," are amongst the best believed of the popular fallacies; but if the wages we have stated had been earned every day in the year, and if their rate had been doubled in the auriferous period, the pitman could not have ventured on such enjoyment. And now when in the greatest of our coal-producing districts the actual price received on the average for the whole of the coal produced therein is less than five shillings per ton, and when every person in the kingdom in and about the mines "raises" less than 350 tons yearly, it will be seen that if the whole receipts passed entirely to the pitman, his income would be still less than that of many a mechanic.

J. W. STEEL

HOSPITALITY IN HIGH PLACES

THE satisfaction with which the traveller reaches the crest of either St. Bernard the Great or Little must be damped by certain considerations connected with his temporary home. Here stand the hospices, that on the Great St. Bernard famous in song and story for its succour of snow-wrapped travellers. As the average tourist avoids these highways in winter weather he knows of the monks' life-saving expeditions only by reading of them or looking upon more or less faithful pictures. At the Great St. Bernard and in all the towns and villages that lie around it the traveller can buy a collection of photographs which reproduce with ghastly fidelity the incidents of finding and bringing in the dead or dying waif. It is not likely that the good monks would permit the enterprising photographer to "take" an actual dead body, nor would they themselves, with a view to photography, take part in a procession of which a dead man was the principal figure, properly posed for the photographer. These must have been *tableaux vivants*, rehearsals of the actual quest. In which case too much cannot be said in praise of the man who does the corpse. It is scarcely permissible to say that he is the most life-like corpse which ever appeared on any stage. But some such expression is sought for in the effort to express admiration of his art.

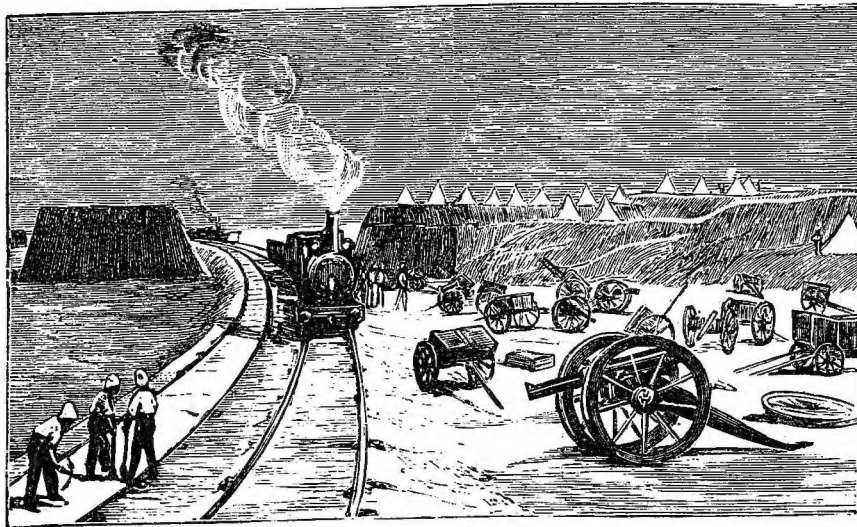
The British traveller hampered with any sensibility thinks of other things as he sits down to the hospitable board prepared for him by the monks. He has doubtless in his possession statistics which demonstrate the exceedingly uncomfortable fact that the hospitality of the monks is habitually traded upon. The Great St. Bernard establishment, for example, costs between 30,000 and 40,000 francs a year. It has some endowment which would probably suffice to maintain the monks and their dogs. But from the earliest times this plain stone house, which stands on the summit of the mountain and looks something between a workhouse and a barracks, has been, as every one knows, a kind of inn. Between sixteen and twenty thousand visitors stop there in the year, sleeping a night, dining, breakfasting, and going their way. In accordance with old traditions no charge is made. The poor are welcome to bed and board, and no one looks for a sou in payment. The wealthy ostensibly stand upon the same footing. They are the guests of the monks, and the shelter and food they obtain is of inestimable value, since, but for the existence of the Hospice, they must needs starve. It is naturally expected that they would gladly seize an opportunity of making full acknowledgment of the service. At Martigny or Aosta, when taking up their quarters at the inn, they know that on leaving they will be presented with the bill, in which every item is carefully considered and quite adequately charged for. There are no bills at the St. Bernard, but there is a strong box in the hall, in which the wayfarer may put whatever sum seems proper to him in acknowledgment of the hospitality by which he has benefited. It is here where the melancholy fact comes in. With sixteen to twenty thousand travellers annually entertained at the Great St. Bernard, the sum found in the *tronc* barely amounts to what would be a moderate hotel charge for a thousand guests! That is to say, from fifteen to nineteen thousand of those who rest at the Hospice meanly slink off without putting anything into the box.

This is bad for the monks, but it is not comfortable for travellers. One cannot sit at meat with the genial and well-bred Rector or his delegate without an uneasy feeling that here is a man dowered with infinite scorn for his fellow-men. There is perhaps nothing quite so mean as this,—to be as it were put upon your honour to pay for your dinner, and then smilingly to pass the box or drop in a franc where your hotel bill would certainly have been a napoleon. Amongst English, Italians, and French the matter is easily disposed of. "It is the Germans who are the sinners." That is a pleasing assertion, but it is disproved by an arithmetical calculation. The Germans, it is true, swarm over Switzerland and Northern Italy, their numerical preponderance appearing the greater because of their strident tones and swaggering manners. Amongst many gentle things said of the Germans by fellow tourists is the libel that on quiet evenings at Baveno you can quite easily hear the roar of German conversation on the terrace of the hotel at Pallanza. But with all that the Germans do not travel in the proportion of nine to one, and now as of old the question is, "Where are the nine" who dined at St. Bernard and sneaked off without payment?

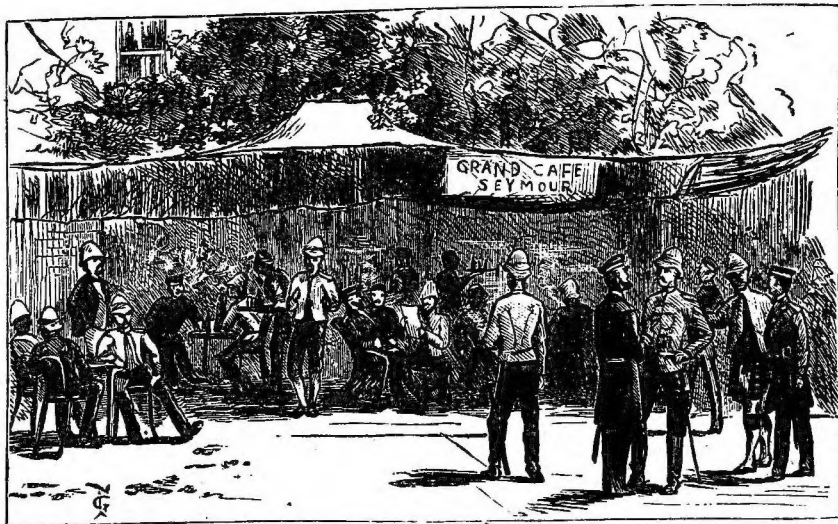
Without identifying them personally I think there would be no difficulty in putting the finger on the culprits, or at least upon the names in the visitors' book. Here you will find in all languages expression of the most fulsome gratitude to the Rector for his hospitality. For example, here is Herr Schumacher and Fraulein, who "desire to record their best thanks to the Rector for his unbounded hospitality. Everything has been comfortable, the meat well cooked, the wine unstinted, the beds clean, the views splendid, and Herr Schumacher and Fraulein pray that God will ever bless the Rector, and make his path through life flower-strewn." Now I will wager any moderate sum that this was Herr Schumacher's sole acknowledgment of the hospitality he received in the Hospice. Otherwise, why this almost grovelling

Naval Armoured Train
Train with Sir E. Wood

Krupp Guns



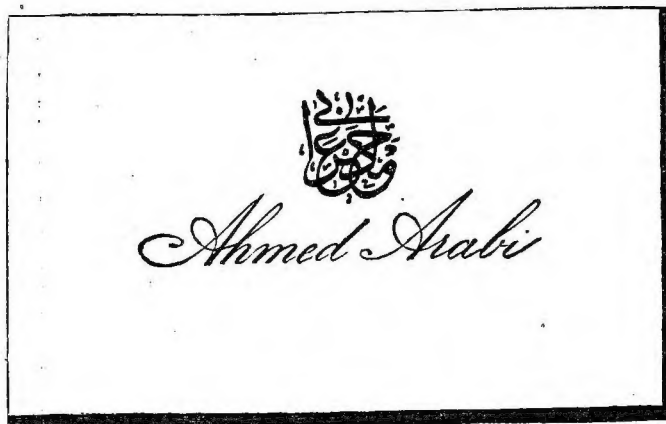
SIR EVELYN WOOD ENTERING ARABI'S LINES AT KAFR DOWL, SEPT. 18
From a Sketch by a Military Officer



THE "GRAND CAFÉ SEYMOUR"—A TEMPORARY CAFÉ IN THE GRAND SQUARE, ALEXANDRIA
From a Sketch by a Military Officer

gratitude? At Aosta, where I also saw Herr Schumacher's name in the visitors' book, the dinner was abundant, though the wine was a little thin; the beds were clean, the attendants faithful, and the view not to be despised. Herr Schumacher, on paying his bill, might just as well have poured forth his poetical soul in the visitors' book, and prayed for the Divine blessing on the future career of the landlord of the Hotel du Mont Blanc. But at Aosta Herr Schumacher paid his bill, which he reasonably thought completed his obligations to his host.

Herr Schumacher's high-flown prose, of which I give from memory a poor translation, is a fair example of the kind of greasy adulation that trickles down the pages of the visitors' book either at the Great St. Bernard or the Little. In splendid granite-like contrast stand a couple of lines written in a firm female handwriting. These simply set forth that "Mr. and Mrs. Malison-Smith beg to thank the Rector for hospitality received." This only wants a receipt stamp to make it a legal document. But

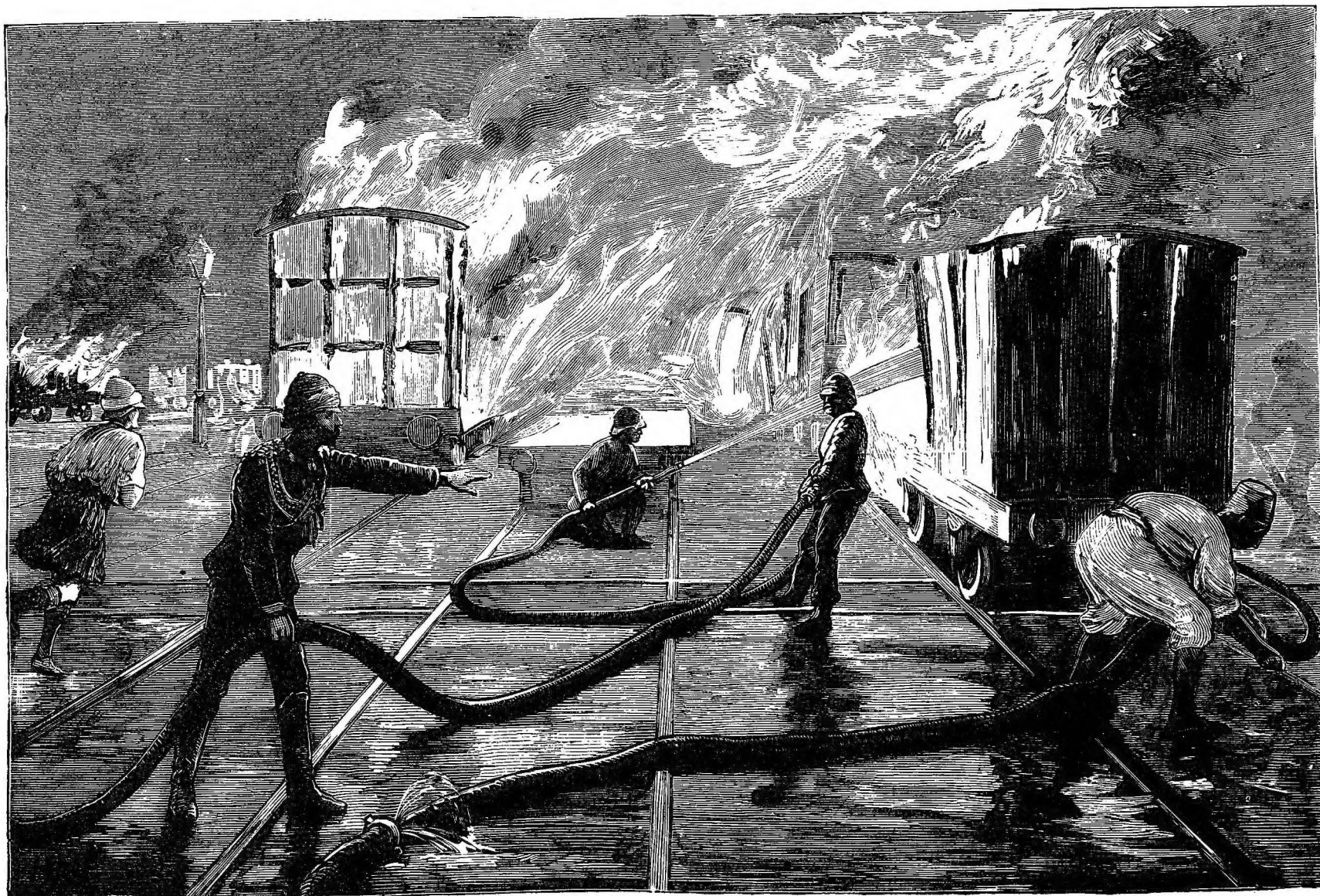


A FACSIMILE OF ONE OF ARABI PASHA'S VISITING CARDS
Found in Arabi's Tent at Tel-el-Kebir by Sir John Adye, and Sent by him to Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Noble, R.A.

with the same swift conviction one has as to the frailty of Herr Schumacher so is it borne in upon one that Mr. and Mrs. Malison-Smith put an honest sum into the *tronc*.

I venture to think that, regarding the interests of the monks and the convenience and welfare of visitors, the whole system at the Hospice is pernicious. It was very well in its time, when only the *bonâ fide* traveller on business bent crossed St. Bernard, the aggregate not exceeding a hundred or two in the year. Now the Pass, in spite of railways over mountains and through tunnels, is a favoured high road between Italy and Switzerland. It is part of Messrs. Cook's tours, and personally-conducted parties accord ill with ancient institutions. The Hospices are really hotels, and should be manfully conducted as such, a reasonable charge being made for accommodation. Under the existing anomalous system the monks are swindled, honest people made uncomfortable, and petty roguery flourishes.

HENRY W. LUCY



THE EXPLOSION AT THE CAIRO RAILWAY STATION: BURNING OF THE COMMISSARIAT AND ORDNANCE STORES—THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT DIRECTING THE SCRATCH FIRE BRIGADE
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers